

9145

Bibl. Jap.

IV



str. 51. - Scena 5-
po słowach: „Z nami delator jest - jakiś ten Pietro

Inkwizytor

Otworzyć trumnę. Czy otył do rany przystaje?
Elvir / oglądając /

Rana jest pochwą wyborną;
Jakby najlepszy robot ją rzemieślnik.

Inkwizytor

Zapisać.

Anrelna / do Beatryx /

Niesmaczliwa!

Biedny mój malarz umrze jak się dowie!

Beatryx

Czy z wami przyrode?

Anrelna

Nie.

Beatryx

To oni!

Więc go poręgnaj - powiedz... Nie, nie nie mów -
Grób mój najlepiej do niego przemówi,
Od zapomnienia wyprosi Beatryx. -
Powiedz mi do nich i powiedz kto jestem.

Anrelna

Tu Monsignore przez urządzenie Boskie
W grobie znalazła się signora Cenci,
Która się sama dla uniewinnienia
W opowieszczeniach sto daje rze.

Inkwizytor

Idzie jest delator? wiek ja porwa.

Pietro

Borze!

Beatryx

Od wczoraj tyle rzeczy ołachotniejszych
Wygłusowało tę twarz z mego serca.

Śniłom tak pięknie - na ziemi - za ziemią -
Dla mnie takiego snu więcej nie będzie -
Ale Bóg dobry ! Sen mi ten myślowy
Na całą wieczność . Tenże pojebiem razem
Gdzie rozkwiecie .

/: Zmiana - pałac Orszynik itd

Poprawki do Dramatu "Kronice Skuortow"

Akt. 1^{ty}

3

Scena 2.

..... O mój stary jakże to próżna wokoło mnie wtył w wielku
kiedy jedno tylko przywiązanie - serce i cnota - bliskich nam istot
czyli życie osobne. - Co mi pozostało na świecie? - bolenie
wspomnienia tkwiące w mojej pamięci jak wrota w ranach i nie
więcej -

id

Mae Grejo

Cnota strach - Moje Księż - jest dla mnie cnotą świętą - tylko
(szepce) -

Ks. Karol

Eytku co?

Mae Grejo

Eytku - nie sadz - ogólnie mówiąc żeby cnota kobiety była
ogólna nie powinna - kiedy tak łatwo topnieć

Mr. i Albany

Scena 3^a

Ach serce - Chciał że wiec azy nie że mnie zwyciężenie przy-
- kuta do twojego fotela, i muszona zżec się wstydlivego co mi
paskotówiek przyjemności sprawi more?

Ks. Karol

Jest że wiec kiedy masz przyjemności być bez mnie

Księż Karol

Scena 4^a

Ona podaje mi rękę i powiedziała że pójdzie za mąż gdzieś
Kotwick los mnie zapędzi. - Był ten odurzony i nie wiedząc
tam jej postanowieniem pójściem ja nie zabrał się z nią
na statek - Gdyśmy odbyli od brzegu spojrzeli na górę gdzieś
my - (paty jak wleciecie) -

id

Mae Grejo

Był to prawdziwy typ szkocki - wysmukła - wybijana - biała
jak lilja - z wycieniem pełnym słodyczy - a sercem ryceerza

Ks. Karol

i skutki zony między Księżem i rodziną z panującej rodziny - nakoniec
ukłuli jakiejś intrygi z Choiseul'em który przyszedł do mnie i zaswiecił
mi nadzieję że Ludwik XV da mi jedną ze swoich córek a z nią wszelkie
promocyjne możebne do przedsięwzięcia nowej wyprawy do szkocki. - Szalone
nie litościwa ambicja a odwróciła się w moim sercu i pewnego poranku
odejściem moja Klimentyna wraz z matką moją Karoliną do jej rodziny

Mae Grejo - (szepce)

Km. Księża, właściwie nie sa zrodzeni do szlacheckich miłości
ale do polityki która nie ma serca - podobnie jak medycyna
i chirurgja

Scena

Scena
(Kona)

Scena

Scena

Scena

Scena
Ostato

6. - Marot.
- Tak miój ojciec pesteru przy tobie - i pisać musiałam nie oddać
iadna muś ludzka już musiał od ciebie nie oderwać
(do Ameryki przekreślone -

Scena 2.^a Alk. II^a (Obrac 1.^a)
Dumbar.

Tak będzie na tobie
Koro linie - podaję muś rękę.
Och! - wdrucię się tryumfu do ciebie nadejść
Dumbar
A pisać przegrany? - ale nie myślny o tem - pisać przegrany
twoj narzeczony nie wróci już pola bitwy. -
Obrac (II.)

Scena 2.^a
(Koniec) - O moim pami! - Turej widoku twojego nie żniósł
(ostatni frazes rozkreślony) -

Scena 3.^a Alk. III^a obraz I.
K. Karol.
- ... - Wiedzy - les moudr. - nie - to nie idzie les at... at. attacke
ment. - jeune gorzej. - les liaisons - hum - jakos to nie brr mi
zupetnie dobrze. - les li. li. li. - ... sta wy rari (rozkreślony).
Dumbarre nie potrafić mi do pomocy?

Scena 3.^a
K. siarę Karol. - z gniwem
Nici ty nie erupor jakas mi rane sadzi' az do gęb. serce. - Nie
mów że mi się pates synem Lorda Murray. -

Scena III (3^a) Alk. IV.
Hr. d'Albany.
... ale Karolina przy odłasku twojej duszy
sorew idniła się miój. - Egi mi pomać data - jak to wielkosi,
wyjście nad wszelkie bohaterstwa, jest w kłopotnie Młoi mo
muc - zapręci się własnego serca - wygryci się serce - otrząci
się ze wszystkiego co jest w niej ziemskim ażeby raz przy istym
obowiązkom zupetna z siebie zrobić ofiarę.

Scena 6.^a
ostatni frazes. } Kard. d'York. (przyklada rękę na jej serce
Umarta! - Bóg ich razem powołał do siebie
(wyraz umarta dodany) -

Uwaga.
Podług tych poprawnych frazesow poprawi tekst Kłopi
Mierzwotnej

James III (3)

Mr. 3. Adams.

Oct. 14.

Dwie sceny
 z Frazedyj Kleszowa Małkiet.
 Komnata w Samos Małkietow.
 Lady
 czytając list.

[illegible]

Ułan u str. Chce ci być tego co napisać
Do Ciebie: - Pragniesz się, Ołężna - ułężna,
Czuję wasz głębi smutku, wily to
ustępowanie. - O! edaraj tu, edaraj,
być w dymie Turcji, Judea mego wlecia.
A nikt nie może wachnąć się
W puch, rozbija te fantazyjne marzy,
Ktoś go od tego kłosa pocią
Fortuna do ubogostawia Rada,
Chawaję w gojony, ułężny oddycha.

Włochi Kamandynar.

Czy maś wiadomości jakiej?

Kamandynar.

Najjaśniejszy Pan tu na nas przybywa.

Lady

Chyba Pan twój nie jest przy Nim - ty głębi?
I czy by tak ci nie miało być tuż obok,
O! daj mi tego Jęcio wstąpić?

Kamandynar.

I pierwszy tak jest jak dostajęci - wona
Jest poinformowana. Lord jest w drodze,
A ja mam Nim Kłosa obok siebie
Pragnę, - tyle tytułów ma, dy ty
I postawienie mego wyjątkowego.

Lady

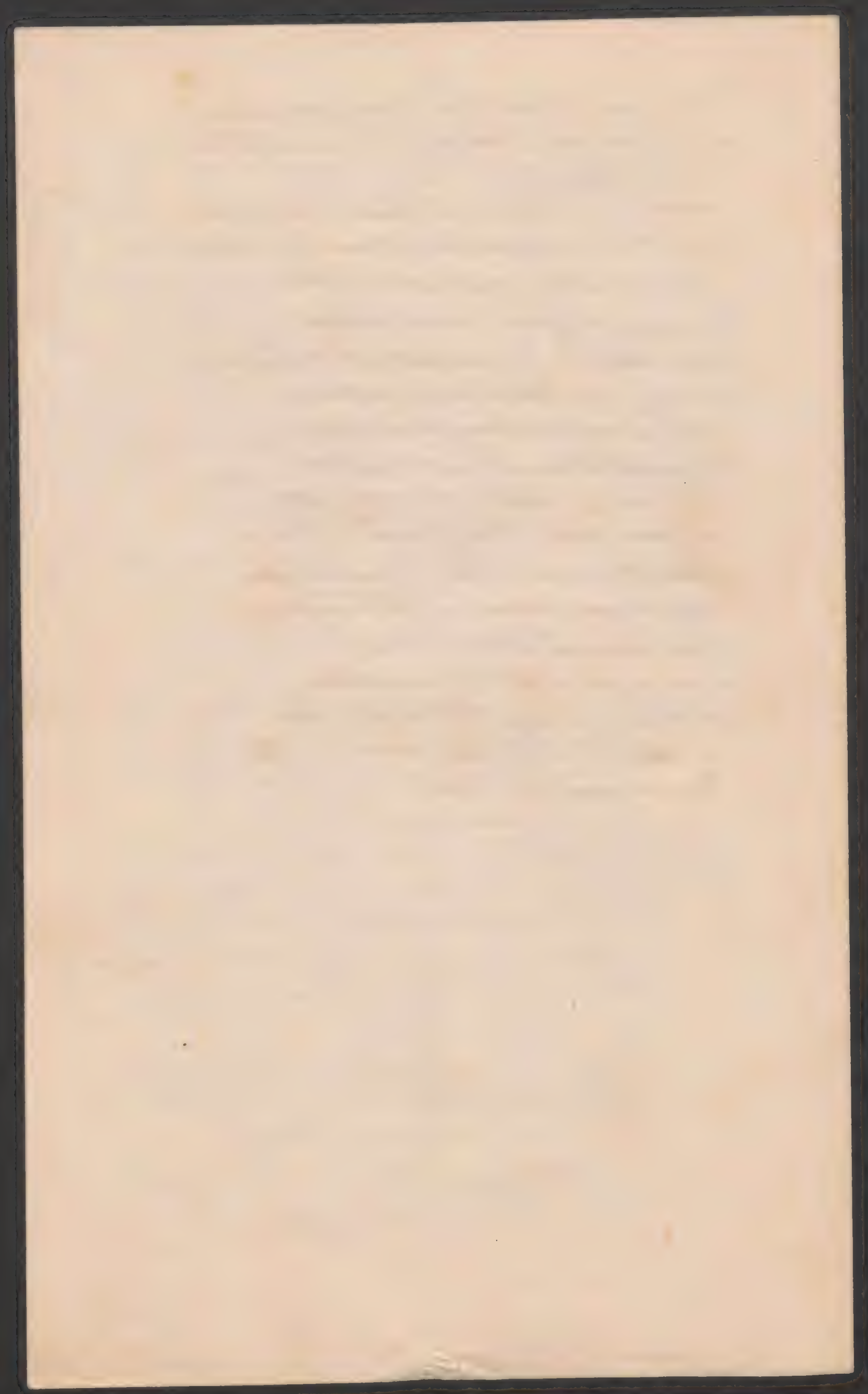
Hoguin go przypa, z

Do Ciebie - poinformowana przybywa.

Kamandynar oddala się

A! ma to mi na ręk, o! Ty Dunhauca,
A! Ty, Anglica to kłosa kłosa...

[illegible]



Winnata i ciachach chachach.

chachach i ciachach chachach.

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chachach

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Lelka

Stępnatąs Pani?

Lady

O Tana Faify bytadłelionka,
Złota ona towa? Cóżto? czy to roza
Jest miadrurowy jej niędy? Daję jej
śląclia - an. Hona męczy: Wzrost
Drogi tu wachajacuna jej tchówk deca.

Lelka

O miłe cię, miłe cię. O
Wic cię owo my niepowinno wyngi.

Harica

Wan wa fia, i puszadana cos,
Kpo niepowinno byt wydarie.
Daj, Wella, wic, wona tuie wiedzi?

Lady

Och!... tu wicnie cechnacy odór kraci....
Wzrostle niepowinno (brak), tej dobiej
Wienabalsamowatyby rozli.

Lelka

O to ramestnicia? Stępnatąs Pani?
O! jej cię igror lera jej stony.

Dauca

Wzrostle rade jej przynosię,
Wic jej lera niepowinno kosi.

Lelka

O. u radow, radow.

Lama

Dachorai nas janie Boie od tego.

Lelka

O to panna na tej Stawie, ja
Niepowinno jej. W podach xmetu asila
Wic, Wic, jako tmaty
Wzrostle po nocy, a mimo to
Wachajacuna jej tchówk deca.

Lady

Antichajico ... ahoj'ij unlatoli,
Mun'ij elud'ij. (Ahoj'ij unlatoli)
Bach'ij unlatoli, unlatoli
Lung'ij, unlatoli unlatoli.

Lahan

Unlatoli

Lady

Spac'ij spac'ij spac'ij. Do brany si turkum
ellam. 'unlatoli unlatoli. (Ahoj'ij unlatoli)
Co si' unlatoli, unlatoli unlatoli.

Spac'ij spac'ij spac'ij

Lahan

Unlatoli unlatoli unlatoli?

Lahan

Unlatoli unlatoli unlatoli

(Ahoj'ij unlatoli)

Poiano occiso
la prima volta figlio perduto, e dunque amato che l'egli stesso si la
causa del suo ^{per i suoi} giusto castigo; infine ^{indigno} le donne della
superficie assente dal popolo sull'argomento sul conto della morte
del buon Polonio — (~~e a questa proposito, non s'era abbiam agito~~
~~sopra riflettendo, quando il suddetto staccamento è già seguito~~
la pazzia di Ofelia. Ofelia assente da li stessi, persona dell'
regione cap. legule) non non siamo che ~~fatta fantasma e bestie~~,
infine, ultima sentenza, quasi con più grande che tutte le
alte insieme), suo fratello è segretamente ritardato sulla Danimarca assenti
nel suo dolore; stupro ~~e mesfando l'orecchio alle aspiere e per colui~~
~~surpassi con il popolo nella morte del proprio re;~~ ~~le accidia con persecuzioni~~
~~morte avvenuta nel condizionamento~~ proposte sulla morte di suo padre); e la fama travando di tutto
non si ~~per~~ ^{arrestare} punto per ripeter il nostro nome di di loro in bocca.
Oltre fortando, quasi l'accenno, strale ad una semplice favola;
mi pare d'ogni lato ferite più culpe che non abbia ragione per
avverarsi. (rimovono esser all'esteriore)

La Rep. — ~~Come questa persona?~~
 Plu. ~~Dove sono le mie guante?~~ Chi li somigliano a.

Porta (Enterogasterium)

Il gent. ^{Salvatore} ~~Pandeggete~~ la vostra vista, Sire. -)

[illegible]

L. R. Entrate con se mie guovate que si sorvegliate porte.
(Entrate con se mie guovate que si sorvegliate porte.)
(Entrate con se mie guovate que si sorvegliate porte.)

Soen Arise if ye? — (al popolo) Symphonie
with flute — some to the parts
 (the full notation) — (al u) & to, etc, reaction etc
etc —

Al a. — Caluntia mi levo laerte.

Queste - La goccia di sangue che restava calm in me
un proclamabile bastardo, e marchese sul fronte
così d'innocenza ^{moment} ma la teca d'adultera -

Il re Io sono innocente della morte di tuo padre, se Holmes il tuo spirito vedrà che sono tuo amico e che ti aiuterò a vendicarlo.

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1. { *Oh! mi me dira où se trouve
mon amour, ou le conseil
il a un drapier à coquerille, des sandales
nétrement étrange.* }

Vers.

II

2. { *Je ne chante plus, si pleure. Je non canto, io piango* }

3. { *Dans le printemps d'ami
Il nous a quittés cruellement.
Sur a été maintenant croit
le garçon -
Ces os pieds une froidure
Ah, Ah!* }

Vers

(enter cantando)

4. { *Oh! mi dirà dove si trova l'amor mio? d'uno poble
Si può riconoscer al bastone, ai sandali, al cappello d'innanzi,
vestito strano.* }

Vers

4

5. { *Oh! mi dirà dove si trova l'amor mio?
Si può riconoscer al bastone, ai sandali, al cappello d'innanzi,
vestito strano.* }

6. { *Nella primavera della sua vita
E' partito e morto, e' partito e morto
(Nella primavera della sua vita
E' abbandonato crudelmente
Sulla terra eresa l'erba
Ai suoi piedi e' pueri piedi)*

Vers.

4

7. { *Oh! ah!* }

8. { *Oh! ah!* }

9. { *Oh! ah!* }

10. { *Il suo linguaggio bianco come la neve delle montagne
era tutto coperto di piume* }

11. { *Oh! mi dirà dove si trova l'amor mio?
Si può riconoscer al bastone, ai sandali, al cappello d'innanzi,
vestito strano.* }

Vers.

4

12. { *Piangete su lui, o ^{prima} del mattino
Perché io non ho più lagrime* }

13. { *Oh! ah!* }

14. { *Oh! ah!* }

(atto IV.)

(Entrando la Regina e Orazio.)

(Cory. Ella lo chiede con insistenza, in verità con dolore; il suo stato inspira la più profonda compassione!).

Prof. "Pola matto di suo padre, dice che sa che vi sono molte ^{piane} arti nel mondo,
in ~~un~~ ^{per questo il} genere, ~~tutte~~ ^{sulle} nel suo cuore, si ~~adegna~~ e va in collera contro
per nulla." ~~Non è vero?~~

per nulla, pronunzia delle parole ambigue che non hanno, che un mezzo sendo;
queste parole non ~~significano~~ ^{non} hanno l'ignificato, eppure la loro ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~vaga~~ ^{vaga}
forma ~~esiste~~ ^{esiste} in modo che l'ascolta a riflettere e a ricercare, il che serve
per aggiustarli al proprio pensiero, ~~come essi~~ ^{come essi} ~~non~~ ^{non} ~~accompongono~~ ^{accompongono} il suo discorso
coi loro, coi segni ~~di capo e di coda~~ ^{di capo e di coda} ~~coi~~ ^{coi} ~~stranizesti~~ ^{stranizesti}, si è indotti
a pensare che ~~pensano~~ ^{pensano} sospettano che se nulla v'ha di certo, può
nullameno esistere qualcosa di cattivo, sarebbe bene di parlare con l'Esu, perché
potrebbe ~~sembrare~~ ^{sembrare} ~~negli spiriti inclini al mal pensiero,~~ ^{negli spiriti inclini al mal pensiero,}
~~pericolosa~~ ^{pericolosa} ~~congettura~~ ^{congettura} ~~nella mente~~ ^{nella mente} degli
spiriti inclini al male.

La Regina che ~~ha~~ ha inteso che ; (Anzi esse)

La Regia sola — Per la mia anima ~~ammalata~~ tutto sembra presider una
grande ventura, tal è la natura del peccato. L'anima capivale
è così ~~agitata~~ sulla inquietudine che si prova, da sé
e da per porre d'esse perita.

(Entrano Orsio ed Oreste)

After we have been
 in the room for
 some time, we
 have been in the
 room for some
 time.

(Entrano Orazio ed Ofelia.)

Il mio amor
~~L'amor mio~~ dov'è partito?
Oh Chi' mel dirà?
Ai suoi sandali, al vestito
Conoscer si potrà.

Ofelia (cantando)

L'amor mio dov'è partito?

Oh Chi' mel dirà?

~~Conoscer si potrà~~ Ai suoi sandali, al vestito
Conoscer si potrà.

La Regina — Che vuol dir questa canzone?

Ofelia — Io non conto, io piango.

(canta)

Egli è morto, oh penna acerba!

Sen farti da me!

Sul suo capo cresce l'erba

Sul suo capo ha il piè!

Il piè suo sopra al piè!

Ah! ah!...

La Regina — Ofelia!

Ofelia. Vi prego, ascoltarmi attentamente...

(canta)

(entrando il re) — Sulla tomba, o penna acerba!

Di chi mi amo...

La lei, o brina, piangente

Pianto io non ho...

Sulla tomba, o penna acerba!

Di chi mi amo...

La lei, o brina, piangente

Pianto io non ho.

Il re — Come stai, gentile Ofelia?

Ofelia. — Grazie — Che il buon Dio vi protegga. Si dice che la cuartera è figlia d'un fornario, non sappiamo ciò che siamo, ma non sappiamo ciò che potremo diventare.

Il re — E' il pensiero di suo padre che affonda la sua mente.

Ofelia. Parate, vi prego; ma se ve ne si domanda il senso, rispondete così:

E' la festa di San Valentino

Già la notte se ne va.

Dell'amante al uerone il matrone

Solamente batte già.

L'aria è piena di fragranza,

E' leosio e l'ascio apri...

E la vergine entro nella stanza,

Ma più vergin non ne uscì!

Il re — Ofelia!

Ofelia — Lasciatemi ^{continuare} ~~parlare~~ — finiro presto, e senza far giuramenti.

Un uoc dal ciel mi grida al core:

Oh vergogna! oh dolore!

Ah! i peccati son tali peccati

Dal demone ispirati!

Ulla dice :

Lei detto e le lagrime m'ha: scotta,
Tua sposa mi chiamavi.
Ma davanti l'altor non m'ha: ondata,
Mentir e m'ingannavi.

Egli risponde :

Diserlar i tuoi misfatti, o azzaron,
Le non ti fo mia sposa.
Alla vergin n'ulti e' giari miei,
E vergin or non sei.

Il re — Da quanto tempo e' in questo stato?

Ofelia — Spero in Dio, tutto si accomoderà, bisogna pazienza, ma
non posso frenar le mie lagrime quando mi ricordo
che fu messo nella puerba terra; mio fratello saprà
ciò.... E dunque vi ringrazio per vostro buoni
consigli. Fate venire il mio equipaggio... Buona
notte, mie signore.... buona notte, gentili signore....
buona notte.... buona notte.....

(esce)

(entra Ofelia)

Laerte. ecc. ecc. —

Ofelia (cantando)

Colla terra la sua testa
Oh! ricoprir!
Sotto puerba pietra ci resta
Senza sospir!

Qual profumo di viola
Il mio fidel
Vola, vola, vola, vola
In verso il ciel!

~~Colla terra~~ colla terra la sua testa
Oh! ricoprir!

~~Von der erd b'ubt d'ich~~ Sotto puerba pietra ci resta
Senza sospir!

Qual profumo di viola
Il mio fidel
Vola, vola, vola, vola
In verso il ciel!

Laerte — ecc. ecc. —

Ofelia (canta)

Ah ! le lagrime son vane,
 E' un uom e' più ! ..
 Or le funebre campane
 Tonore pueri tu ! ..

Come stanno bene insieme i verdi, il canto i fiori. E' la storia
del perfido intendente che invelò la figlia del suo signore.

Laerte exim.

Opelia / cantu /

Non verrà? non verrà più?

No..no.. ~~24~~ ²⁵ ~~thou~~! ch'ezb now!

A mori va' pure tu,
~~la~~ finito e' il dì!

Come neve tutta bianca
La barba egli ha
Il ~~figlio~~ dell'alma stanco
Abbia pietà !..

E di tutte le altre anime cristiane, io ne prego Dio. Dio
sia con voi / esa /

Not a very fine specimen
but I need the same for
the same work is supplied.

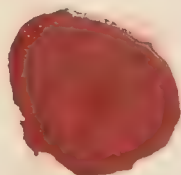
~~For the children~~ Com men
Com men: ~~for the children~~
1000

bian. I wish

Mal vera ~~non~~ più me. pda'ma.

Can you tell me, I wonder
Can you tell me up there.

Tutte meste il dimmi
 Con me d'ora agħ li
 Nal veddi piri nni, piri nni
 La son tunk ci agħ li !



14

Scena ostatnia aktu wawskiego
Henri Paula Lucio

Paula
Czy to prawda, że Louis na imię ci chodzi?

Henri
Tak.

Paula
Nie, nie potrafię ci wyobrazić

Henri
Twojego brata.

Paula
O go! jak ci się podobają

Henri
Twoje nozki

Paula
Ciekawe.

Henri
Ciekawe, że go nie ma.

Paula
Nie wiem, ale myślę, że gdzieś jest. Może w tym domu, może gdzieś w mieście.

Henri
Tak, może w mieście.

Paula
Nie wiem, może gdzieś jest. Może w tym domu, może gdzieś w mieście.

Henri
(Zaczyna się śmieć)

Paula
Czy nie wiesz, gdzie jest? Może w tym domu, może gdzieś w mieście.

Henri
Nie wiem, może gdzieś jest. Może w tym domu, może gdzieś w mieście.

Paula
Czy nie wiesz, gdzie jest? Może w tym domu, może gdzieś w mieście.

Henri
Tak, może w mieście.

Paula
Nie wiem, może gdzieś jest. Może w tym domu, może gdzieś w mieście.

Henri
(Zaczyna się śmieć)

Paula
Czy nie wiesz, gdzie jest? Może w tym domu, może gdzieś w mieście.

Henri
Tak, może w mieście.

Paula
Nie wiem, może gdzieś jest. Może w tym domu, może gdzieś w mieście.

Henri
(Zaczyna się śmieć)

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Henri
(Zaczyna się śmieć)

Poła po pańce

Wiechciecie się wrobić dla mnie — nie — niech tak będzie. Albo nie jestem
godny waszej łaski. Albo pomylił się na imię i nazwisko?
tego, który ci był przyjaciółcą, bratem, wujem niż bratem nawet
któryś z waszych i kochał cię. Ktoś z waszych i kochał cię. Ktoś z waszych
i kochał cię. Precz! Ty go musiałeś kochać chociażby miał
serie i kamienie. Jego co tak natchnęły i wyjęły nas
wszystkich innych ludzi

Rienie i gonim

Poła kłósił o nim o takim uniczeniu jak tylko może mieć
siostrę o swoim kochanku

Poła powstaje

On moim kochankiem! Albo więcej w to w miarę.

Rienie

Wie powiadają że jest kochankiem zionu Rienego ale
może być przetrząs o inną miłość. Chociaż tylko wyraził się
całkowicie kochał przechodził wszystkie granice.

Lecco

Wszystko już wykonany dozwolone do poleceń

Poła i chęć się na nogach i chęć się na nogach

Wszystko już wykonany — Zbrodnia dopetrzona... (nie) Tworzył się
może nie już nie przeżyje. Że go nie wsknisi a kochał miłość
zoli kochał zoli upokorzeni. Albo akcja tego utworzenia.

(przechyła się i wróciła do Rienego)

Rienie, popatrz na straszny zbrodnię a ja nie mogę pozwolić, jej na

to! Tak, jakbym chciał... jednak spróbuj się z nim zwrócić

tam gdzie ciś ranie moją — to jest w kłótni i duma i pycha.

Chociaż przed chwilą, że zionu Rienego nie może być przetrząs

o inną miłość — Albo ciś — jam kochata tego utworzenia

którego i morderstwa. Gdzie nie był moim kochankiem

to powiada ale dla tego tylko że nim był nie chciał. Był na

moim i miłym i miłującym i miłującym i miłującym i miłującym

iprzejmami na głoś wstąpię serce. Bo on może kochał tak

Albo więc że na jedną jego stronę bytaby i duma i roztwór

opraciła cię i poutała na nim chęć na koniec świata

Ala! widygasz się — blednie i gniecie — ugodziła ci się w

nasienie nie w serce, którego nie mam ale w pętlę i rozłamnia

Toi tanja. Tak, powtarzam ci: kochata. Gdzie

tylko ile dziś ciębie nienawidzę

Wierze i wyśileniu

Albo!

Poła

Wie nakiem mi dziś miłowania. Ja nie urogam i kłótni

głowa i pychą i kłótni. Chęć widzieć serce

na wiekowie kłótni. Zabij mnie jeśli chcesz że będzie

mój bynajmniej nad sobą. Kłótni przyjaciół zabij i duma

zabijaj i mordercy bar konia póki nie upadnie sam

pod ciężarem kłótni i przekleństwa.

Albo nam i wyśileniu kłótni wyśileniu proś nienawidzi

(Złota strona kłótni i kłótni i kłótni)

Ala! obojętne ten pierdoci który pali moją głowę i duma

go pod nogami. Albo i pod tego duma gdzie obca

ciś moja ratowanie powiada. A na wiekowie nienawidzi

ci ostatecznie przekleństwa. Przekleństwa i kłótni duma ciębie

przekleństwa wyśileniu w i kłótni, wyśileniu i kłótni

wynytke o nem pomyslil
(biegac do domu)

Hienri

z dnu brenien nalone

Polu utymyguung na chwile

koile i a nie tytoni sukaii sobie schowieniu hyle wielce
nie widze i nie stygnie go widzie. Bzd i praktyka
praktyka, praktyka a wkomini i nie na more w godziny
miedzi trzej.

wypada gwałtownie i nie)

chwila i nie

Leos pochwila

z kochan i ymnie nasyt

Hienri (nie dozwiedza leowit jst glom praktyka)

Wjz more skurczaj i ugnaj more praktyka

(praktyka i ugnajajce praktyka)

Niech bnie praktyka i nie more ale niech staj i nie praktyka

Zadma spada

konieczniko atke

Redrygo.

[Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page]

[illegible]

Na prawo Belcolora siedzi na ławce - Carlo w nogi jej, siedząc, pól teraś
nie dbając o nią głośnie na jej kolanach, tak, że uderzony kwadrat kół.
colona, widzący jest naczyniem tej kwadratowej widzieć. —
Belcolora.

Coś mi się wydało i czemuś mi się wydało..
 Coś mi się wydało taki?.. Czemu?.. Dwa długie miesiące,
 jak dwa wieki, przeżyłam bez ciebie!.. Okrutny!
 Czyli nie widzisz, jak mi dręży o to gorące
 Lzy w oczach?.. jak ja cię dręży o to?.. A!.. moim,
 Moim ty mnie i widziałeś nie chcesz?.. nie chcesz ty?..
 Moim...

Carlo. /a roistogni oriaru i nensorga ni oao j'euag/
Klira godina, poveda, karat bzkie?

Belcolona.
Larb.

A! jak tu paravo! - jak tu krásno dy sač! -
 Jak tu... klóra godriva? - klóra? - byje jvi rosgdnie
 gtncho tak? - Ozem u milayox? - Móro co, Belcolov o! <sup>(ukladaje mnia opokojnie
 gtno - pobyje s emi)</sup>
 Porvix... hochasa mnie jessne?

By ja hocham. ciebie?...

Przeżył! Carlo! -- Leż coś to? czy i nocną porą
Spieszy się? Długo? czy mi niewolno dla siebie
K twego życia? nie nawet takiej utracie? hui! hui!
Która godzina, pytasz? -- Ja ciebie cenię,
A ty o czas nie dbasz! -- Myślę tam, że miłej,
Lepsiej spędzasz go ze mną! -- (Szyje do jego piersi i wyjąwszy zegarek, podnosi
go ku słońcu swoim -- następuje mowa:)
Zegarek wskazuje

Pótnow..

Carlo /robiże nagle porażenie, jakby chciał przeskoczyć/

Pótnow!!..

Belcolora /nie wygłasza więcej z ręki zegarka, tak, iż tam
czuwać jego przerepisany na piersiach Carlo, i on
trzymając tego ostatniego cięgle na miejscu/

Również! -- skądś jak się to

Utkwiła we wspomnienie! -- ... (po chwili i tym samym się Carlo)
Carlo! mój caro!

Co tobie? Od jak dawna nie wiesz tajemnice,
O których ja nie mogę powiedzieć? -- Ktorem marzę,
Inem tyłko nasza przeszłość? i przyszłość twój
Takie stabe? i nie wstyd tobie...

Carlo /zakrywa jej twarz ręką/

Belcolora!

Lamila, lamila, na Boga!

Belcolora.

Lamila?... A ty moje,

Ciepłe ty, co mi pociła tęsknotę jak na rękach,
Na tej chwili! -- A ból mój!... O, czy cię wabił
Lamila! -- losy i smutek ja samotna, jedna,
Jak wolica na skale pod pustym obłokiem,
Kostan? -- Carlo! -- zdrada jest cię twym zwycięstwem?
Umiesz i ty zdradzać?

O, biedna ja! biedna!....

Od trzech już noczy oto sen nad moim oknem
Nie spoczywa na chwilę... serce mi tak biło
Mocno, że już tu spieszysz... ja tak kocham ciebie
Bez granic!... a ty, z góry na moim kolanie!

Pytasz się o gościnę? -- Czyli krzyżę na niebie
Nie instancuje ci jasno, że teraz gościnia,
O którejś mnie tu przedtem, ta zawsze, widywał
I przysięgał na długi, na wieczne kochanie! -- ^{/Kochaj się i kochaj}
... Czy Carlo o tem wryskiem sobie przysięga.

Carlo. ^{/Jedynemu dawał i kochał i kochał się, zawsze}
O tych chwilkach? -- Nie pytaj o nie, moja droga, --
Nie pytaj! -- Carlo do nich nigdy się nie przysięga --
One go bódają! bódają! -- one mu od Boga
Są skazaniem! -- wspomnienie o nich, to: kruczyzna!!

Betolara.

Bogie! co słyszysz!

Carlo.

Słyszysz... i przeklinasz tego,
Kto kwiat twych wrażeń niszczy tak procho i marnie
Dotychczas, -- teraz jeszcze do tego twój
Tuli się, jak wgi tuli do niego i garnie --
Pchnij mnie od siebie! -- odpędź wgi, Betolara!
Dopóki jeszcze czuje, że wgiem jest... Chwila
Jedna go umienie może -- a wtedy... niech zbiorę
Wszystkie się nad mą głowę nieszczęścia! -- niech zgine
Ktoś mi Boga, światu i sobie i sobie!
Pnieć mnie!! ^(ryknął, na nogi i chwał niechciał)

Betolara. ^{/ryknął się tak i rozłożył}
^{mu drogę}

Carlo! -- ja wprost ot tak tobą przepłynę,
Kto twój widok! -- Ja w wódę się rzucę! -- Ja zrobię
Nie wiem co, jeśli pójdziesz!... Carlo! kłęknij jeszcze,
Kłęknij przy mnie ^{/przysięgnę go na swój kłęk, oświeca jak}
^{przed sobą Carlo umieszcza się również w daimie -- poie}
^{u niego i i przewidk, co znaczą te słowa,}
Ktoś mi wprost przed chwilą -- Carlo! twój głowa
Musz się kłęk Carlo, bo w rzece jak w klasznie
Je ścisnąłeś... Co sobie?...
O, ja nieszczęśliwa! --

Carlo. /z wyrażeniem i potrzebą w ~~nie~~ Belcolora/

Nie mi nie jest! - jam kłamca! - Lekko mi i bogo
Dny tobie! Z oczu twych, jakby z gwiazd, prawdziwa
Błystka światłości na duszę moją i nie mogę
Zadwaśnaje dorównać mej rozkoszy! - Nieraz,
Nieraz, gdy m był bez ciebie, najdroższa! jam marzył
O dawnym stworzeniu - los je wyśła mi umów tenar,
Ogór mi więc potrzeba więcej? - - Belcolora!
Jabym się napręć Boga samego odwarzyć
W niego twój i tobie powiedziałbym jedną;
Jedną na całym świecie, żeś mi dała życie
I... d... !

Belcolora.

Ogór chcesz więc, czemuż się więc biednej
Wypierasz Belcolory i zamiast obficie
Dać rozkosz z tego źródła, jakie nam los dał,
Ty mi kłameczysz, Carlo! - O wień, powiedz, drogi,
Co za tego przyczyna? Co mnie się wydaje,
Żeś ty się bóg co umianić od tej pory bógiej,
W którejś tu raz ostatni był ze mną -

Carlo.

Niestety,

Ani trochę!

Belcolora.

Niestety!?

Carlo.

Ma ci nadzieję? - na cóż! - Czy ostre sztylady,
Pod klóreni na chwile, padną krwią zbrzydłą,
Warte są twych cierpień lub trzasku twego?
Albo warti me grzechy, abyś ty cierpiła
Za nie, o Belcolora moja!?

Belcolora.

Co takiego

Belcolore

Co!... nawet nie wolno się spytać,
czy bóg nie bierze? - o to, co mówię, nie zginię,
Has! ostatni raz za mną! - (Białobłonie,

Carlo! gdyby schwytał
Można choć jedno słówko z ust swoich!... (proszę)

Prępsynies

Tę ot wodzę i magłę w białego białego,
A którego jutro do mnie winien być mój wrócić.
Kabije cię.. i tutaj mnie, mnie życie skrócić.
Nie bóg nie nawet kamień! i w okropnym biegu
Myślisz myślisz ja utracę panie i wspomnienie
I nawet tęsknić, czekać po tobie nie dotam
I tylko bóg czeka, czeka nieskończenie
Nie wiedząc sama kogo, a gdy cię nawołam
Czasami, jedno puste echo świsnę brzmienie
Słowa "Carlo" powtórz tylko i...

(Carlo wykrzyknął się tuż przed
- Belcolore schwytał go
za rękę i wstał tak!)
Człowieku!

Gdy w tobie ludzkie serce jeszcze dotąd bije,
Powiedz mi prawdę, bo ja cię tylko widzę, nie bóg,
Płonie wprost nim ty pójdziesz! bo ja się kabije,
Wprost nim krok otężyć myślisz!... (Białobłonie)

Carlo! caro mio!

Mio caro! no powiedz, powiedz!.. Ja cię tylko
Kochać nie potrafię wtedy.. nawet ty obmyślasz,
Kogo ja cię dzisiaj i zastanowię z sobą,
Która mała i twoje życie w moim ręku zostanie..
Mów Carlo!.. Czy ta cała prośba nadaremna?
Wiesz zginię?.. wzięta głowa na moim kolanie
Nie spoczniesz..

Carlo.

Nigdy!

Belcolore

Bóg! musisz się nadaremna!

(wykrzyknął się tuż przed)

Carlo. ^{przechodząc do góry, gdzie stał, i patrząc na niego}
coś w głębi, ogrodnik, po lewej stronie pod drzewem
gdzie do Belcalary i chłopców, że są z niego - ani.

...nie jeliś... Bieda! Drogą... Bieda!
Bieda nam! - Czekaj!...

Belcalary. ^(przechodząc z ręką na nos)

Takto! - kłóby wawę porcy

Janie! An przyje, Carlo? - Wszyscy spią i nie widzą
Picho rozgłosie - Co tabie? - Wzrost przeda... o Boku!
Coś mi mówią? - wzrost przeda, ke... <sup>(chociaż mogła być z niego, która
w tej chwili, strona i pochodzi
tęż się do Carlo, zajął tam
prawa, mowa!)</sup>

Janie! sama wistocie! -

Tryj się! przedkaj! daj nówi swój! ja potaniz nówi
Wszystkie nim! ja się abawiz, abawiz swój klejnowie!
Mój Carlo!... Daj nówi! daj go! - Tryj się! lub nie - w todkę,

Siadajmy i odpuścimy! on nie dogonisz.

Przedkaj, przedkaj, mój drogi! - Mój drogi! minutkę
Jeszcze odstęp mi a ty się, a potem... wiek dawno nie
Wszystkie drzewy Palermo na naszym pogrzebie!

Carlo! pójdź!... sam mówię, że ci idzie o mnie,
a nie chceś się ratować! - pójdź!...

Carlo.

Tak jest - dla ciebie

Wszystko króć... Mowa jak odjechał nikczemnie
leickie przed sztyltem... Chodźmy! ^(chociaż się nie straszę!)
^(wzrostie się)

Przedkaj, przedkaj!

Sama się wzmaga - Już blisko musi...

Belcalary. ^(chociaż nie chciał i nie chciał wstąpić)

Takto twój?...

Carlo! co ty... ^(chociaż nie chciał i nie chciał wstąpić)
Carlo! co ty... ^(chociaż nie chciał i nie chciał wstąpić)

Palm! palm! - k to come stay...

Carlo porwałszy ich tutaj na ramiona
ruszył ku wodniel - wskazał im najpierw nadmownymi pokręcającemi brzoj jeno ra.
Potem dwa jakiegoś postawia wysuwając z gęzawy ognia, po-
jęz stawały i sziszą, szybko również ku wodniel. Chciał, tak więc poma-
drażniał, a więc stęchał dwa wystawały na pistoletach.

castanea. sp. nov.

1st Act. Second Scene

Arrestar. A Young Poet. Rocamond Prince.

Garden of Palace, Morning, Early.

(City of Troas in Lauros)

Roca., How many birds have opened? Only few:
(Inclining) Why they are right, they'll see when the world
diminued When they come out they'll wish they were at home again
again, and dreaming of the pretty day.
(Inclining) That yet is sometimes clouded; but the sun
Those crany roses with their so small flood
half dead, and all of use to spill their blood
For something better! Keep your drooping long
You'll find here nothing matching with yourselves.
and yet I must have slaves; my plot has failed.
There are no courtiers, none of the order
To see who 'tis that praises; though I praise
even, they will not tell they've seen. Pity you, but me
Are a lily, still and blushing; not even when
I plant you in my peerless breast. Grow there,
You'll shake not more than in your summer air
upon my heart. I'll have a star-like
Shine in my heaven, and a star like
I dub my charms than all in flattery can.
So Richard, when I call that red. You red.
in red, a star of war; ominous (drops her hands)
and in these times
When every dawn the radiance of the East
Seems but of battle, and the red poured down
As of the blood-flow from Celestial slaughters
Slow setting hither from Celestial blains.
I am a star of strife; so are you, and myself.
Let all to ourselves! Let both this rose become me
and there's a law.

Verifile.

And there's a law most binding to all women,
Of Beauty - I must be dutious though the sign
A very day - star. Ah!

Crester

Good morning, Rose.

Oh, you rose - rose, how sweet and cool you bloom.
It is scarce wonderful, since you grow forth
So pure that you make cold you and with
The light of your own eyes.

No.

You do sleep yet.

Your face is clouded as your poetry.

even

This almost makes me think that never my lips
Will close with yours; for when they will approach me
I fear. Such then will die with the passion
Of seeing them come near.

No.

May I make promise

They shall not clay you till you be turned grey,
And then but to give you sweet death. I'll miss you.

even

Oh, I know you made that promise long ago.
Told it when I heard child to some night-mind
Or some old aunt whose shatter-mind/shook the heart.
I'll witness to her some day you kept it holy.
Oh, always, and I far from you, I breathe
Scarcely the air about you, that weans too
And paints, and falls.

No.

So shall I fall some day.

even

But meantime let some bee take home remembrance
And hive the honey and keep it for other days.

No.

And then what?



Agnes.
Ros.

Why no

Why no always

If the bee be any out there.

Agnes.

I shake yet see it, would that I were there.

Ros.

Why not my nightingale.

Agnes.

And call the them against me, I shall be more.
And I sing too, and I sing too, thousand songs
Oh, million songs, yet none will listen yet
I shall hear the croak and grunt of every frog.
Why, you stop too to listen, ~~there~~ for more
Than doth become a rose to the hear the cries
Of Cockadoodle loo I remember, who's given
Fiction one leg with dancing, and forecloses
The town of every scandal, and that toad
The shining Baron Google, who has learned
Somehow to stand on his hind feet, and hold
His fat front web to each to steady him, as
And villainous meaning, doctored-donny Sir Shuck
That would-be a spider, pre-empt his own life
Since he is caught in the web of his four thanks,
and every fool's price of what makes our court,
Prude. stand shining, with my throat attuned-

Ros.

Why are you then so jealous of such fools.

Agnes.

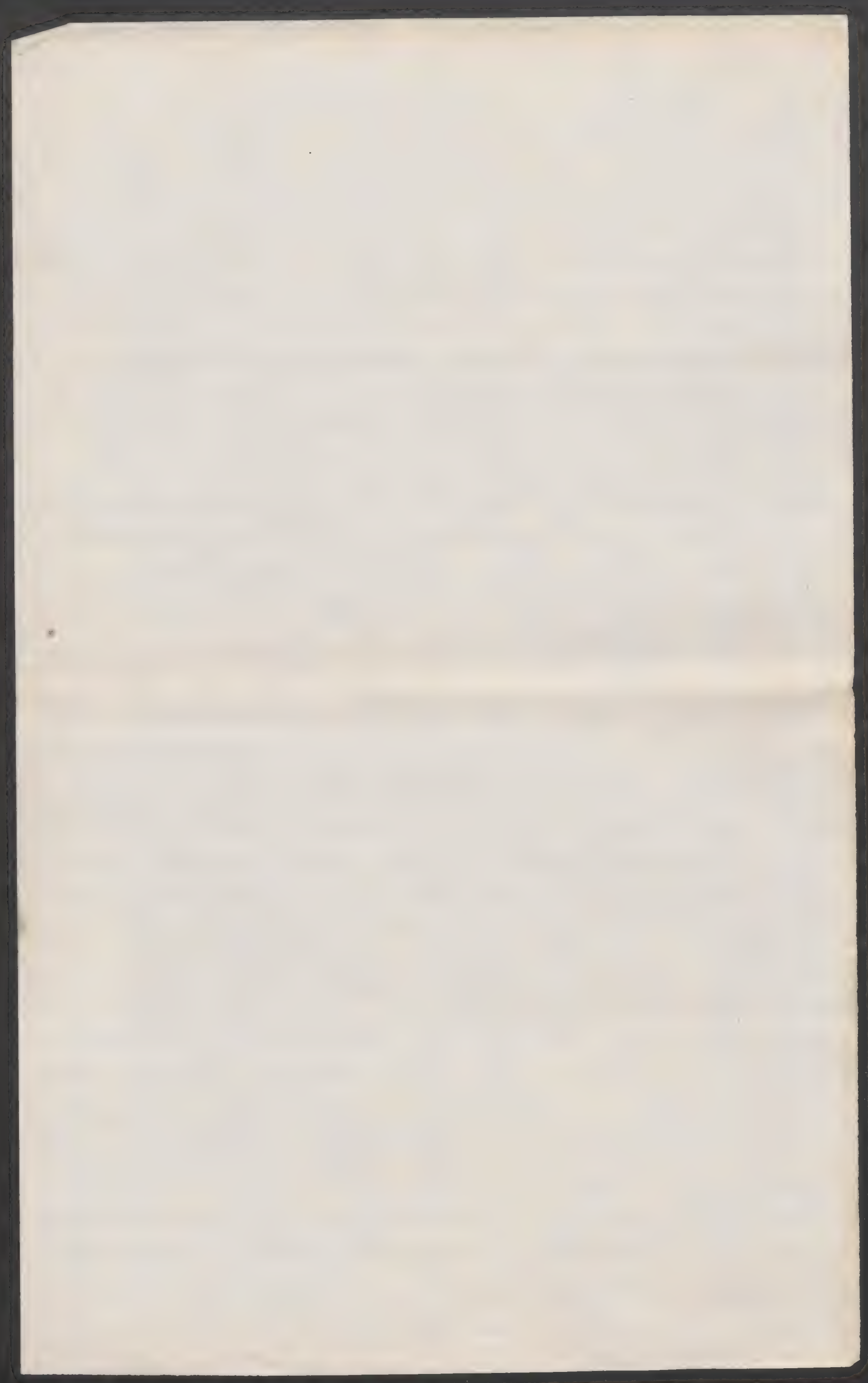
What jealousy, this is!

Ros.

Will sing to me now.

Agnes.

Not now I'm sulky now.



Ros.

Will you, not now
 He's sulky now. My darling, my large my lover.
 He our young nights that's why we love you, - stay
 Heart over the floor - beds - you that taste not straight
 In things you are for with such care to place
 Center of our world for you.
 That you can hear to see us bloom and even
 Not ask on the instant we be plucked and shown
 Upon your ruffs as yours. They say look back
 To see if they be ever tiptoed after.
 My ^{darling} ~~heart~~ is well in prisons, but you,
 My eye, my lover, love me lovingly
 And I trust you, and not that enough.
 And I think often of you, tenderly,
 Always in my night-prayers.
 And then sleep calm.

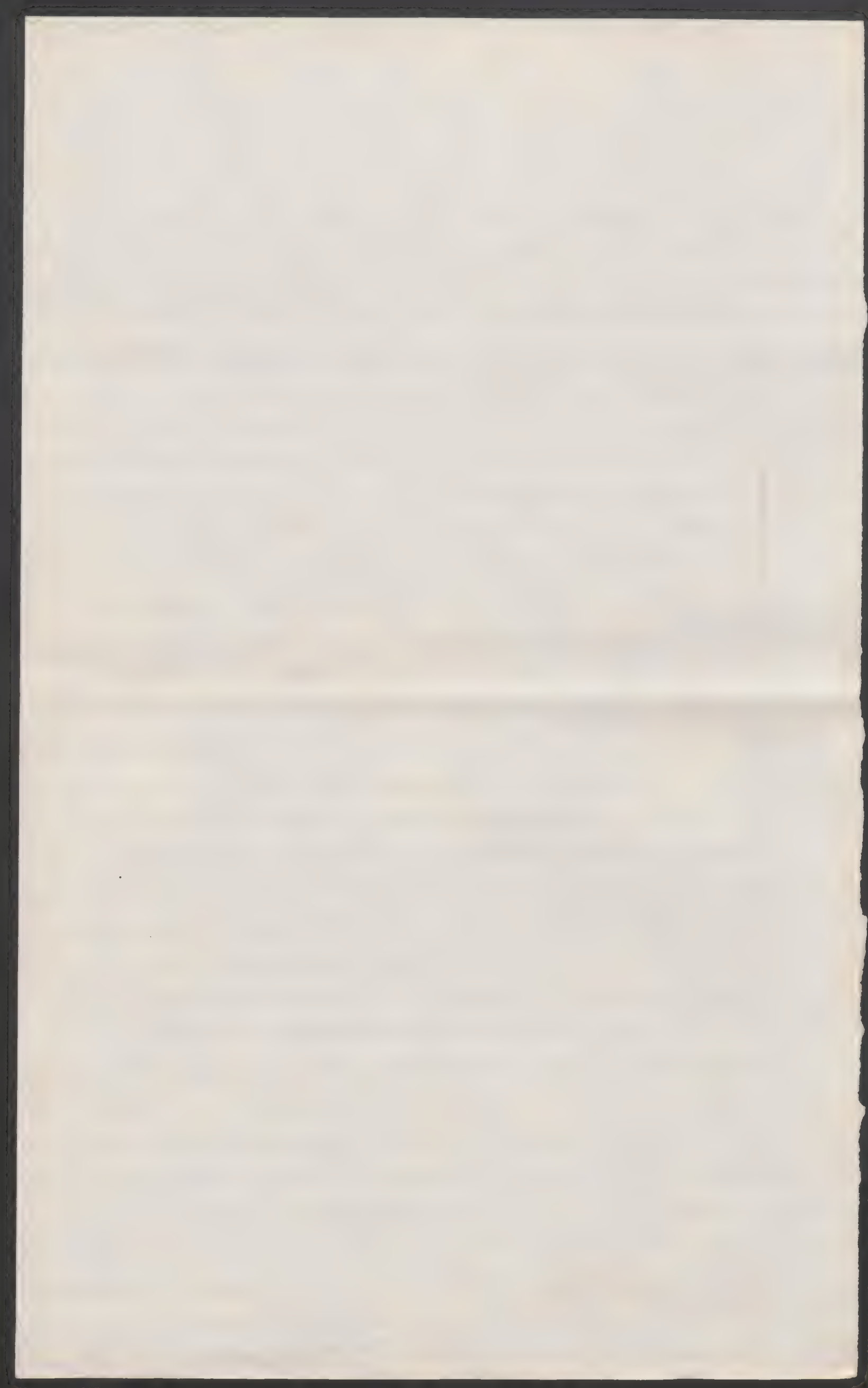
res

Will not? the Lord Impenious, would you have
 My life a madness? To feel love's agony?

And there's love's sweetness too, and ecstasy
 I'd have you feel them.

so it be for you
 Not otherwise; go, you are grown too old.
 I'll give you leave to feel love's pain for me
 That's very sweet, you sing; I'll let you know
 For me, and plain for me, and I'll inspire sweet strain
 In all our songs; so say you not kind?
 And I hope you mischief, morning - reek -

Because so morning-green and morning red
 In getting up so early in the cold.
 Not being sick. Why that you all love like mad.



24
Ave. That get your dearest fragrance must pluck you,
touch you, read you, think on you; Oh! Kuhu
to make some heart ache out and
brill enough to tear it from her breast.

Ros. Not precious babe; at least till then
his hidden from your gaze—

Ave. Oh beautifully—
Ros. More than your blinded wit will let you think.
You do know nothing of it.

Ave. Let I swear
I know I could, if I would make you love me.
Only stay from too much love of you

Ros. To care me prays of loving, and loving you.
I thank you.

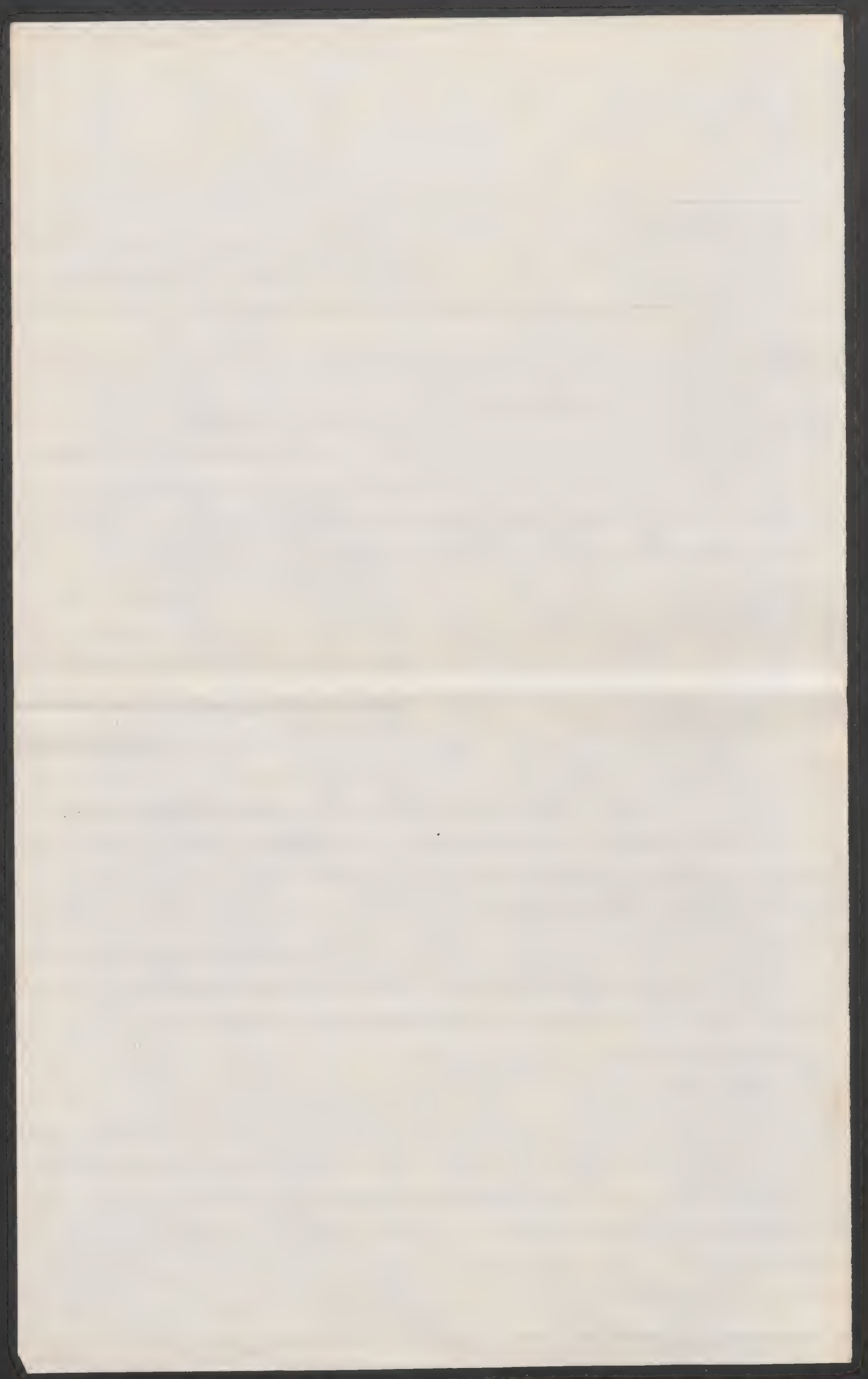
Ave. Blind, oh you'll be so blind
One day in hour will come and soon you'll love,
Oh how you'll love— you tender passionate thing.
You white-hot flame that burns so bright and hot,
And will not close there where you burn, nor rest
There where you burn. ~~Will you ever forget me all~~
Will be your ^{poor} thought in all.

Ros. I know that, well, you will be. Sing to me now.

Ave. I cannot tell of discord tenderly.

Ros. That at your heart?

Ave. I know you better, sweet witch
I see to and you should take your own melody
She looks for you.



Ros.

Why then your hearts heaven.

Eves.

A wild heaven now, and all to start crying wrong
You had put comfort in it.

Ros.

Shall all be perfect ^{stars} some day, and sing
To untold mother's voices, when were dead
Both you and I, and tell them of old times
The long - ago, were they were home, of loves
And mirth of you and me and such as we.
Why, that's your rock - place. You could you speak
Of Love, not knowing its pains. Love's not its self.
And if I swooned at sight of you and gave
You wildly my life - nay, I said if - I could not
Be able help. So but make you greater, I
Love you too much to hold you merely mine,
I strictly, strictly keep you precious.
Will therefore get reward from the universe.

Eves.

Love's not its self? You make mine a whole nothing.
You teach me how to sigh, but that's but help.
I know the east, west, north south of a tear
Its north pole south pole, zones, girth, zones,
All its circumference's, diameter,
Longitude, geologies and salts.
Am all in crystal, opal, diamond, pearl
Sown and sown - Oh I know the Tear,
But I know the me too.

Ros.

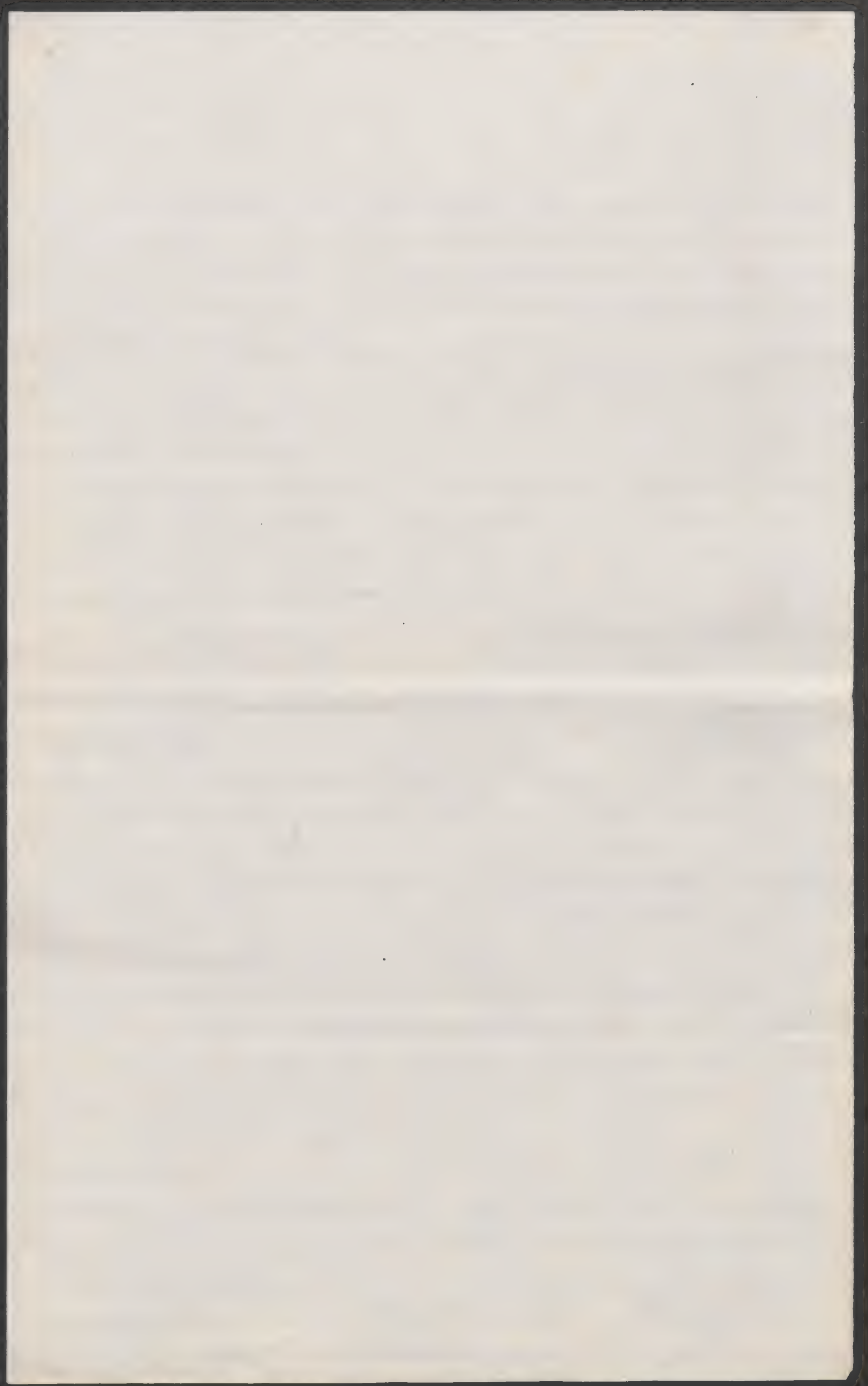
More tears, but mine.

Eves.

How you never weep.

Ros.

They hear me promise,
That the first ^{one} ~~tear~~ ^{shed} I'll give to you
A tear and mine at once. What will you do



~~Ans.~~ With it then tell me!

Ans. I'll give it to my soul.
I'll send my soul never-never more
With it; I'll never give it nearer drink
Than that distilled distinct pain of yours.
I'll never—

No. Now you are grown a prophet indeed.
One tear; 'twill last you till your true love comes
Both in true lips now no more; what never.

Ans. I'll hold you to your promises remember.
And I fear much more. What news great news.
I hear me! shall pay you too well back
With words sweet to you, as were these to me
and therefore bitter, bitter-sweet to me.

No. What is it?

Ans. Is there no one you would see,
More than all those around you every day.

No. Can even you? Who is it?

Ans. Both than even me.

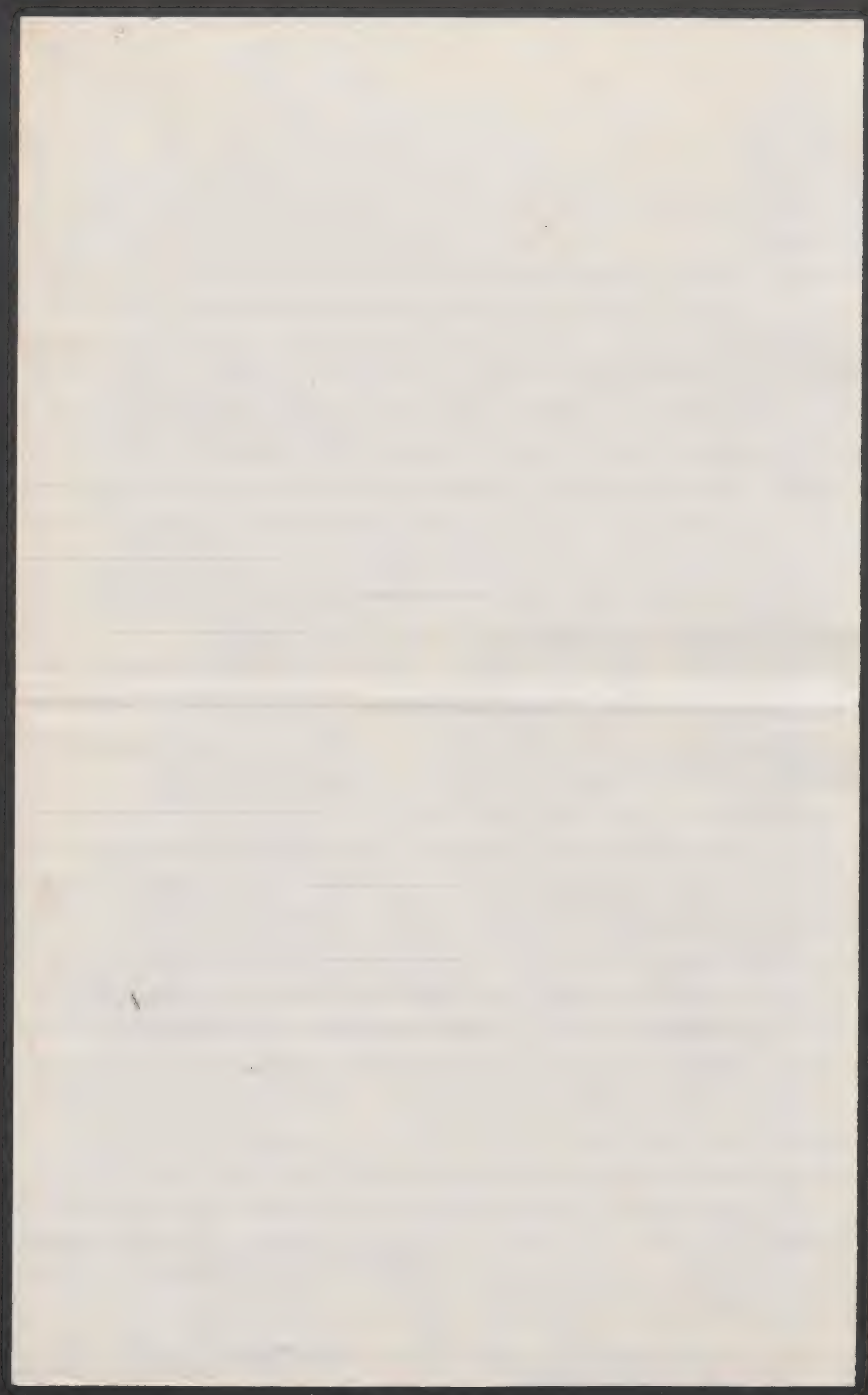
One too far as your maiden memory
Round you, to speak for him and in worth his way.
How have we made against him.

No. Why, who is this?

Ans. Laveriffe

No. Laveriffe?

Ans. Yes, you know him not
Of course; though his ^{best} friend before and though
Then lesser children than now, you played together
Some lesser name than now you play apart.



Of course you know him not. — Promise me not
I will forget me as much — I tell ^{you} then
at this, not, with, because you do love much to
to hear about him, as for scandal sake.
He left a dozen years ago the Court
Banished or exiled, not, or something such
He could not swim in the shallow life of Court.
Not deep enough for him — even then he measured
Two yards from roof to base — he went far off
To the end of the world, in accident & price.
They say, there is hell heaven in a corner while
For a while. I fear hell vice might be from me-
Hein? You remember him?

Ans.

What of him. Of late he warred for Prussia's
King

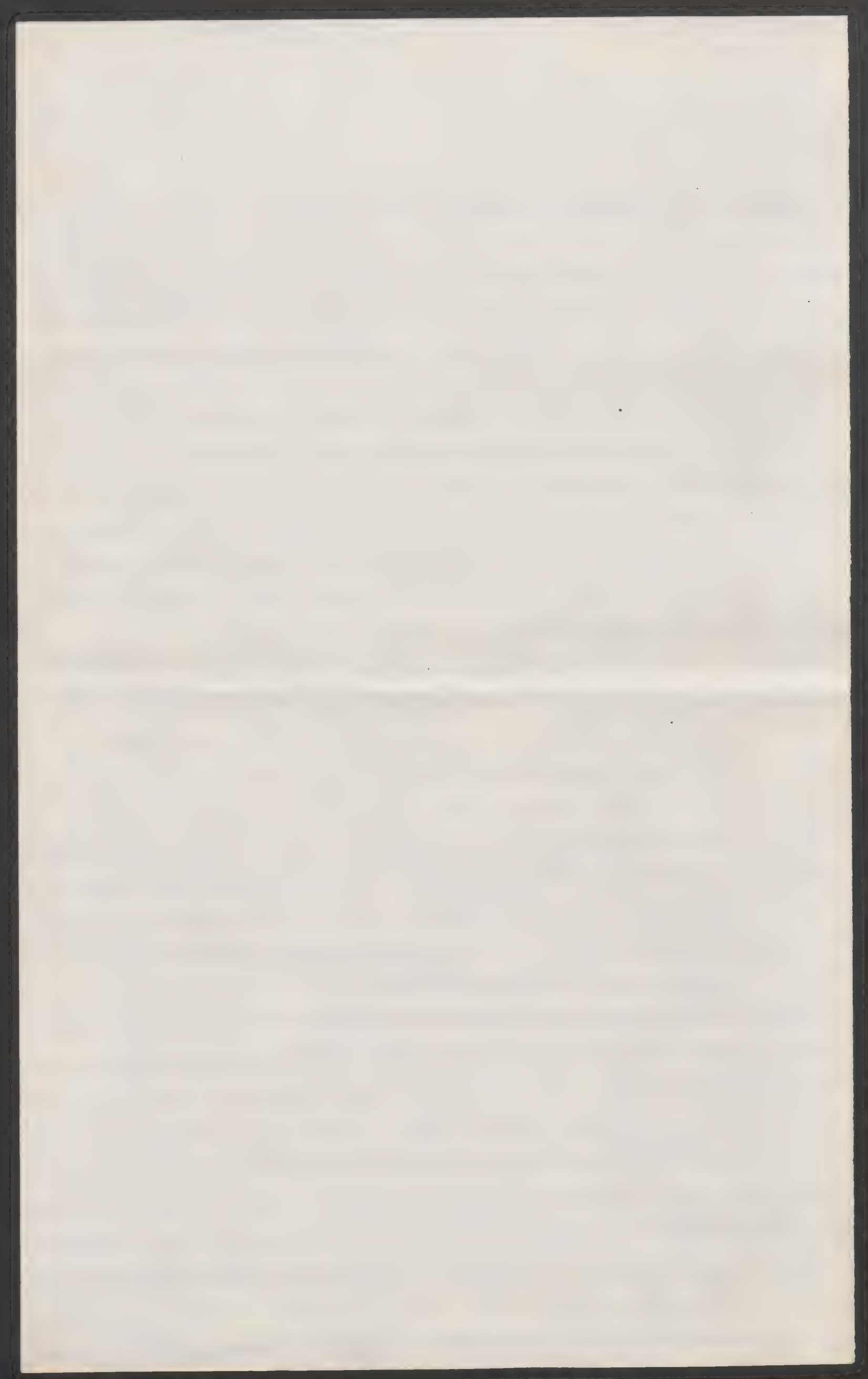
They say.

Ans.

They say, and his King writes and our
Star of David, will like come, and the Amberlins
growth it, and, for ever, in its strong, and
in vain, and the land falls, if lover it can
and worships it, and you, you'll beam with it
Quick as the sun, the sun —
That Iverliffe comes to morrow, that even now
His force is on the waste between our lands,
and that he is will guide to each other the come,
So long for grasking, and more, of these blind lotards
Till they shake hands, forever etcetera.

Ans.

Next week, and I suppose more fresh, next year
Of wild display, than usual soon, must there
He liked to have him great. I cannot prepare.
And all must learn, and I must learn the worth



Lives one, oh, well!

Aves.

Try get some dozen new dresses.
Study to suit your style; if you need help
I'll pick out colors for you; I say to that.
For you at least I can, I would not wear any
I think not too much of simple sleep well if possible.
Not sleeping well will blur even Beauty like
yours.

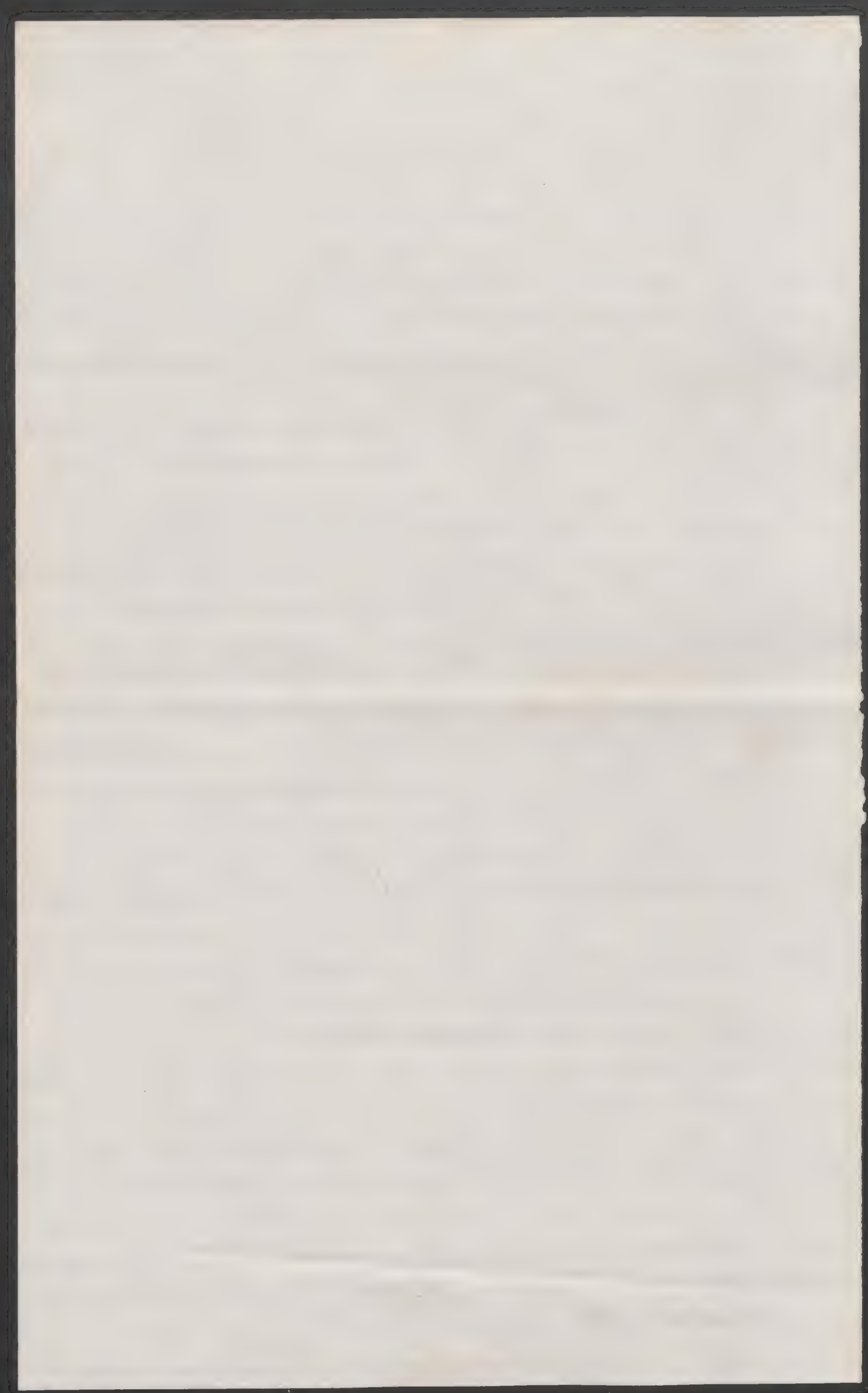
and I at least have always liked you most
it been cool crescent with deep swift shine-ebb
And glow, than a pale-pink lady-moon.
and even I must or should be a bit - be a
or pale or something of that sort, I have a eye
for Beauty in the abstract. I am a poet, I
can love ideals inceptions: I need not
have them in form, filling such wakening
lines

as those before me; they're to fill the arms
of common men - ~~and~~ you are going, why -

Rosa. Only while you are talking to the women.

Aves. I'll never get through wishing for it; yet hold
I'll not keep you long; just a moment; say -
And even in what I said, see not why
You do not like to hear it, at least there come
so much to praise you and flatter you and please
you

With compliments of your Beauty and worship for you
So women could want more, so do not tire you -
~~going again~~ ~~gone~~ ~~gone~~ add. stay - gone - But, very soon
I'll make a vow that I'll not speak
to anything but the moon for ever and ever more.



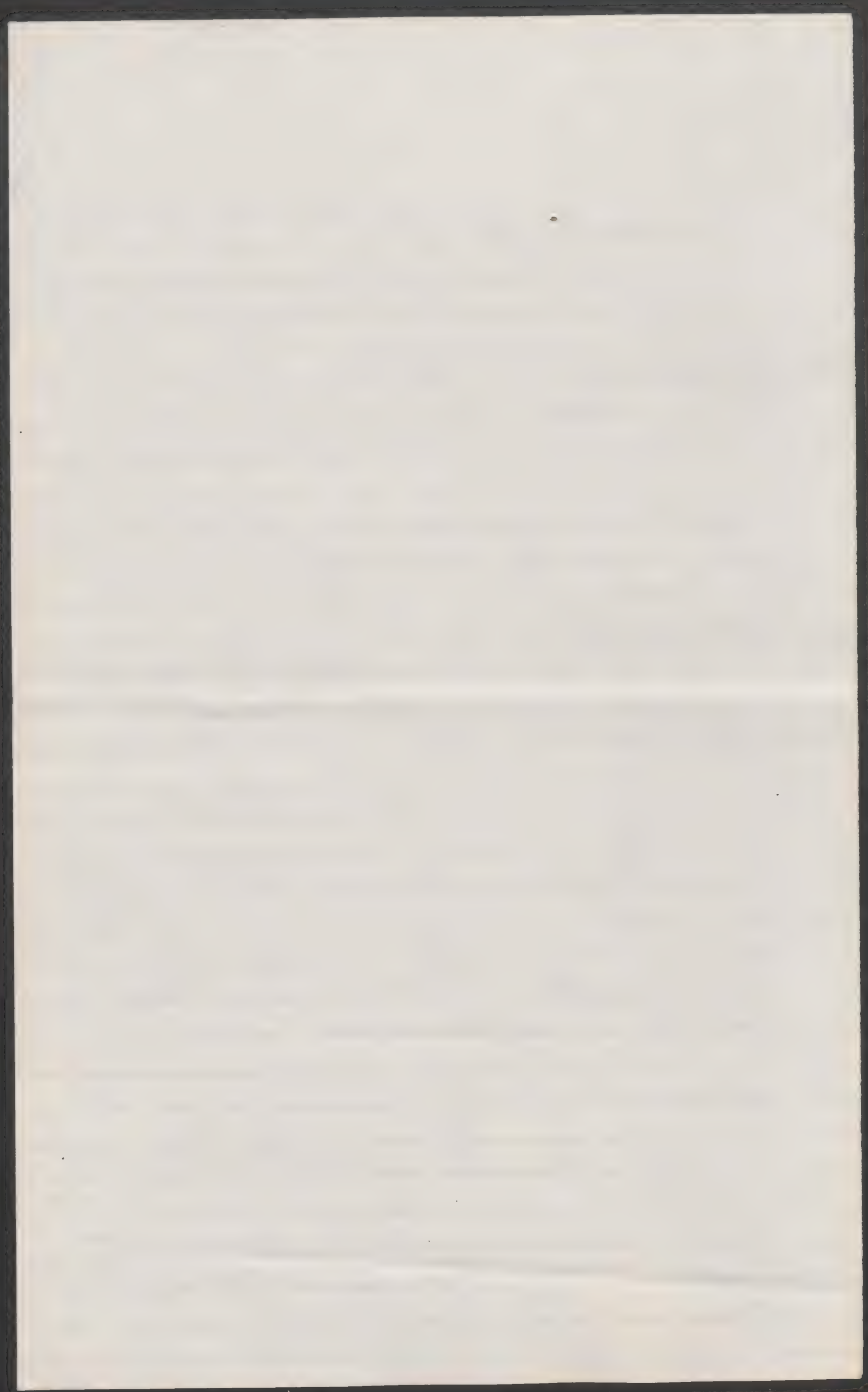
another scene

(Night. Rosamund's Room in Palace)

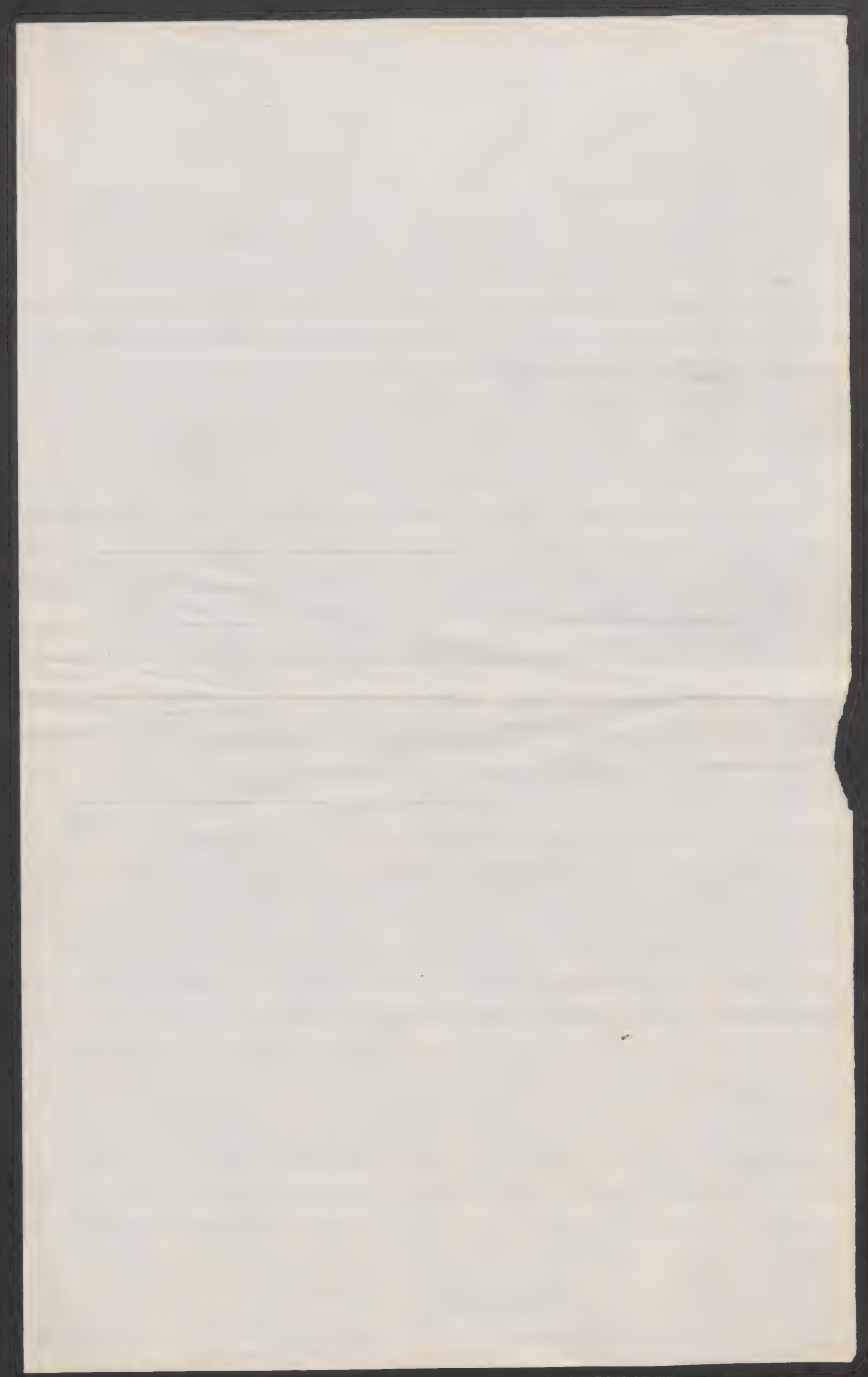
Rosamund I knew him then and all my thought was out
To please him really and to come to terms.
My image of him, as it shone so bright & clear
Could bear his eyes and always looked through such
Of circumstances or the storm that brewed before
His face as of ten for he would not shroud himself
With such a veil that he cast full light.
And then he made the shade gold, red, rose, coral.
But all the while he stared and took to himself them.
When he was sad, sadness therefrom grew so
all wanted it. The court that time was full
Of such things that were open for every hand.
Now well he would be as he was before
He was and was and lived for by the best.
He would make me somewhat woe to women.
Now all he would give me that taught me
So soon and well. I would like to know I think
To learn to obey a little.

The sun must set

He left us all and only took his course
To see the sunset of the world and they
Have had his light so long and we have grown
To know the night and darkness, and then there
I star and that great upon my feet of course
I'll always come whither night and day. I'm sure.
I have grown so used to this, I think I fear
He'll give me a little more. I'll migrate to
the place I'll to my place
and see if it will do me (goes to table)
Princess. I say
Shine forth your best now. Let down her long black hair



And we are: well, well! I would I had a rest
To tell some tale or make it some old right
In every that might not be met as friends.
I could myself, I think, make a passionate song.
If we should find the going with that so
Some in every and scarce men looked as chance
If he or would we have seen the silent face
The turned out as in the shadow of night
Her black hair would be and slowly falling
So late already: I am a little girl
Again with old bad since a betwixt
And faith and hope. I thought I was in with
Whose voice was that? Some body spoke I think
In the hall - battle!



to Camilla]

Mr. Ratin "Papa and Papa! This is improving!"

Mr. Gromble "It would do others here!"

Augustus "Having heard a shot in this room, we ran in to see what had happened."

Pauline "You are not hurt, Papa?"

Mr. Sumlan "Not at all, not at all, my children."

[He embraces Camilla and Pauline]

Mr. Ratin [with a serious air] "You must explain all this, Mr. Sumlan. What does this mystification mean?"

Mr. Sumlan [a little embarrassed and moved]

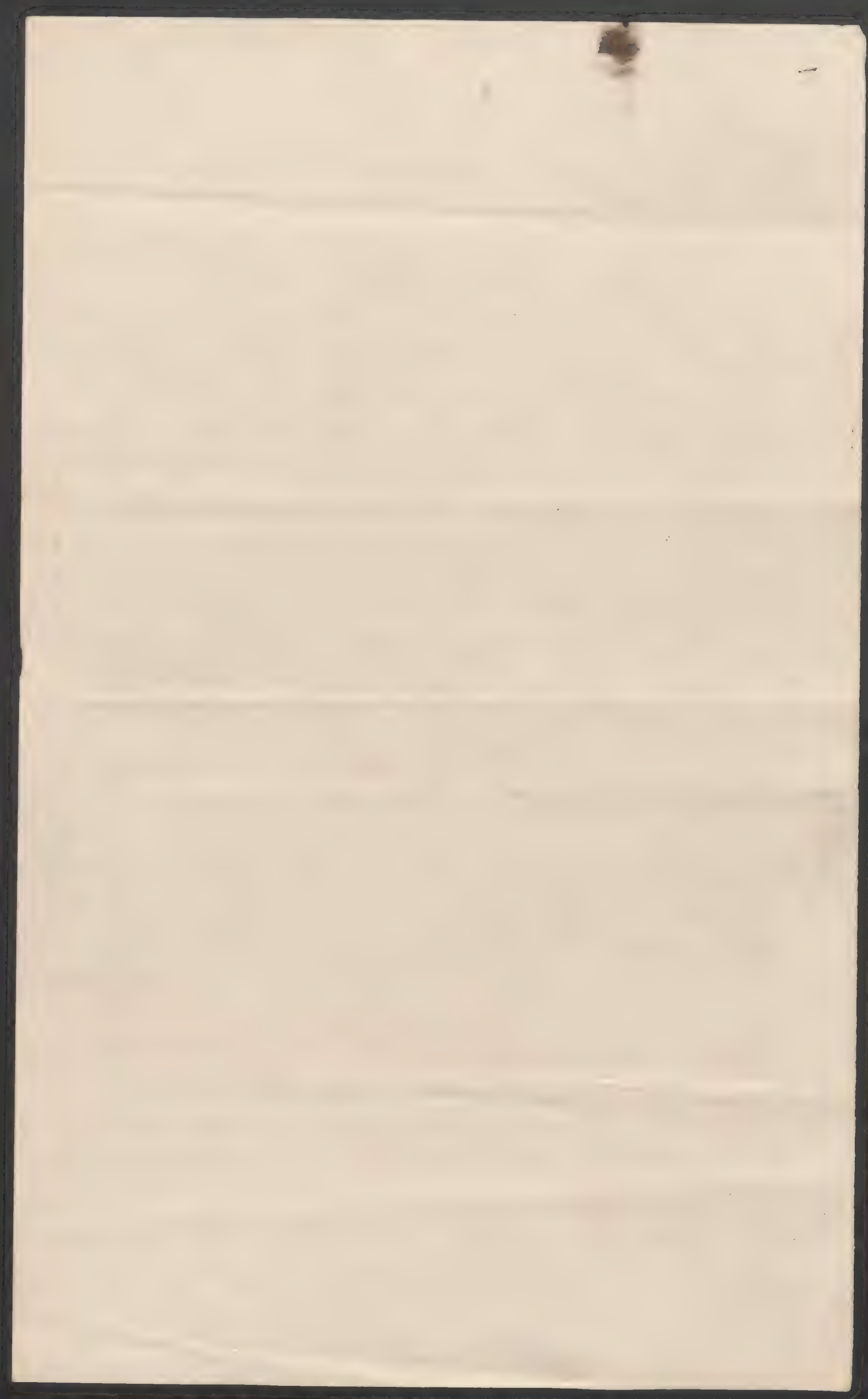
"Listen, I will explain all, all, [They surround him] When my poor wife died, leaving me several daughters, I said to myself - What shall I do with them? I have a fairish fortune it is true, but when it is divided into several portions what will each portion amount to?"

Mr. Gromble "Only seven thousand five hundred pounds."

Mr. Sumlan "Who would wish for a young lady like possessed so small a fortune, no one. Is it not so? Well, as I had two married sisters, one at Varsovia and another at Pothlin, I confided one of my daughters to each of them, and when I returned home I spread the report that they had both died at their Aunt's house. [To Camilla and Gromble] There each of you met his wife, and I can safely say that each of you has an excellent wife, is it not true?"

Mr. Gromble "Yes, yes, certainly, but --"

Mr. Ratin "But afterwards --"



Ed. H. H. H.

The 1st of June I have been
 engaged in the same work and
 have been very busy in the
 day, and in the evening.

[illegible]

Landes off die jungen zu bringen, so
es sich bei dem Lande selbst
in Franken auffand.

Styria, 1799

Es ist eine sehr kleine, aber
sehr fruchtbare Gegend, die
man hier zu finden, wenn
man sich in die Gegend

begeben.

Land Steyer.

Die Steyer, eine der fruchtbarsten
Gegenden in der Gegend, ist
in der Mitte der Gegend - zu
den besten Wein, so man
hier zu finden, so man
sich in die Gegend
begeben. Die Steyer ist
eine der fruchtbarsten
Gegenden in der Gegend.

My dear friend
I have been thinking of you
very much lately
and hope you are
all well.

I have been thinking of you
very much lately
and hope you are
all well.

I have been thinking of you
very much lately
and hope you are
all well.

I have been thinking of you
very much lately
and hope you are
all well.

Dear Mother
 I hope this may find you
 and all your little family
 in the same health
 With love to all
 I am ever
 your affectionate son
 1877

Dear Mary, I am so
happy to hear from you
and how you are getting on.
I hope you are well!
I am very much obliged to you
for the money you have sent me.
I will send it to you as soon as I can.

South.

From the [unclear]

Left.

At [unclear]

South.

The [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

and [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

and [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

South.

The [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

[unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

and [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

The [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

Left.

The [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

and [unclear] [unclear] [unclear]

24. 1844. 1844. 1844.
1844. 1844. 1844.
1844. 1844. 1844.
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Alterations proposed

Act 1st

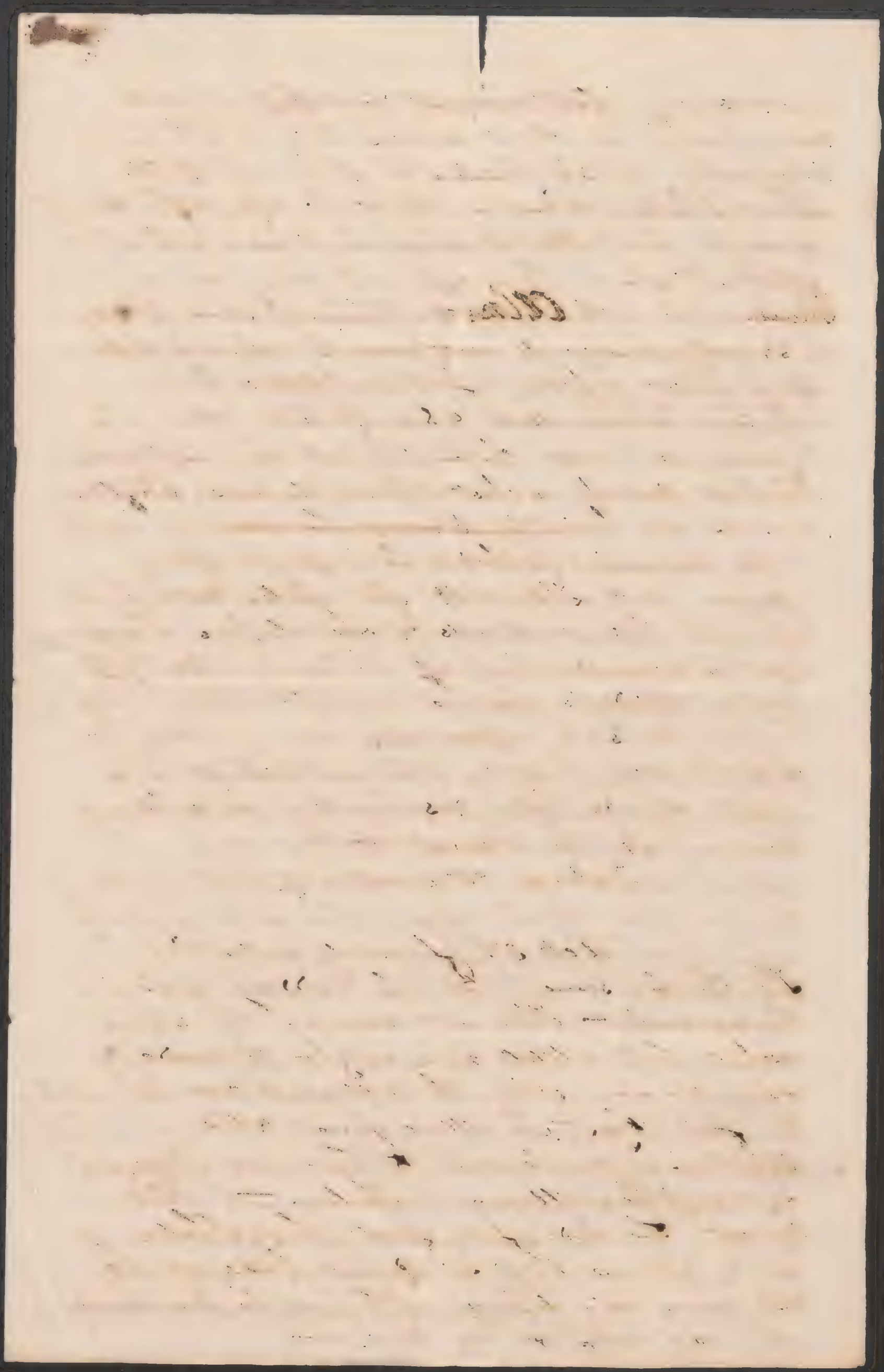
That Thalea's studies should be more of a kind to render her liable to suspicion as a witch - That she should have effected many cures among the village people by her medicines &c. The only reason for not entering the chapel to be that a portion of the people have become so incensed against her that she fears her visit to the "Chapel" may expose her to public insult & create a disturbance. -

A new second act to be introduced
Scene - A large hall in the castle. Wooden benches around which the soldiers are conversing. In the background a gateway through which the open country is seen. -

Incidents

Pollo is relating to the other soldiers stories of Sir Rupert's during & his brave deeds during the war & how he saved Pollo's life. -

Alma (concealed from the soldiers behind a pillar) listens sagely to the tales. - The soldiers drink to Sir Rupert & Alma gazes on excitedly. - Alma starts off unobserved for Sir Rupert approaches
Enter Sir Rupert who addresses his soldiers & as his castle has been burnt to the ground offers to dismiss them from his service. - They all wish to remain with him & aid him to rebuild his castle. - Meanwhile a spy in the employ of the Count, perceiving Thalea has slighted, arrives at the castle disguised as a student & craves an interview with Thalea to obtain from her some valuable papers & instruments in her possession relating to astronomy. The spy's real object is to get information sufficient to found



an accusation of witchcraft. Sir Rupert not seeing through his object admits him to Thalea. - Subsequently the spy makes a friend of Rollo who is horrified at learning that Sir Rupert means to wed Thalea whom he deems to be a witch. -

Thalea enters with ~~Alma~~ & a charming scene between the sisters (from the original work) can be introduced here. -

Alma remains behind to feed her doves -

Re-enter Sir Rupert.

Long scene between Alma & Sir Rupert. -

The villagers arrive clamouring at the Castle gate. -

They have dug up a chest of implements, skulls, crystals &c buried by Sir Rupert the previous night at the command of Thalea at the foot of an old yew tree. - They call for Thalea & confront her with these implements & she defies them. -

Next she reminds them of the many acts of charity & kindness she has conferred upon them - healing the sick & poor &c among them. -

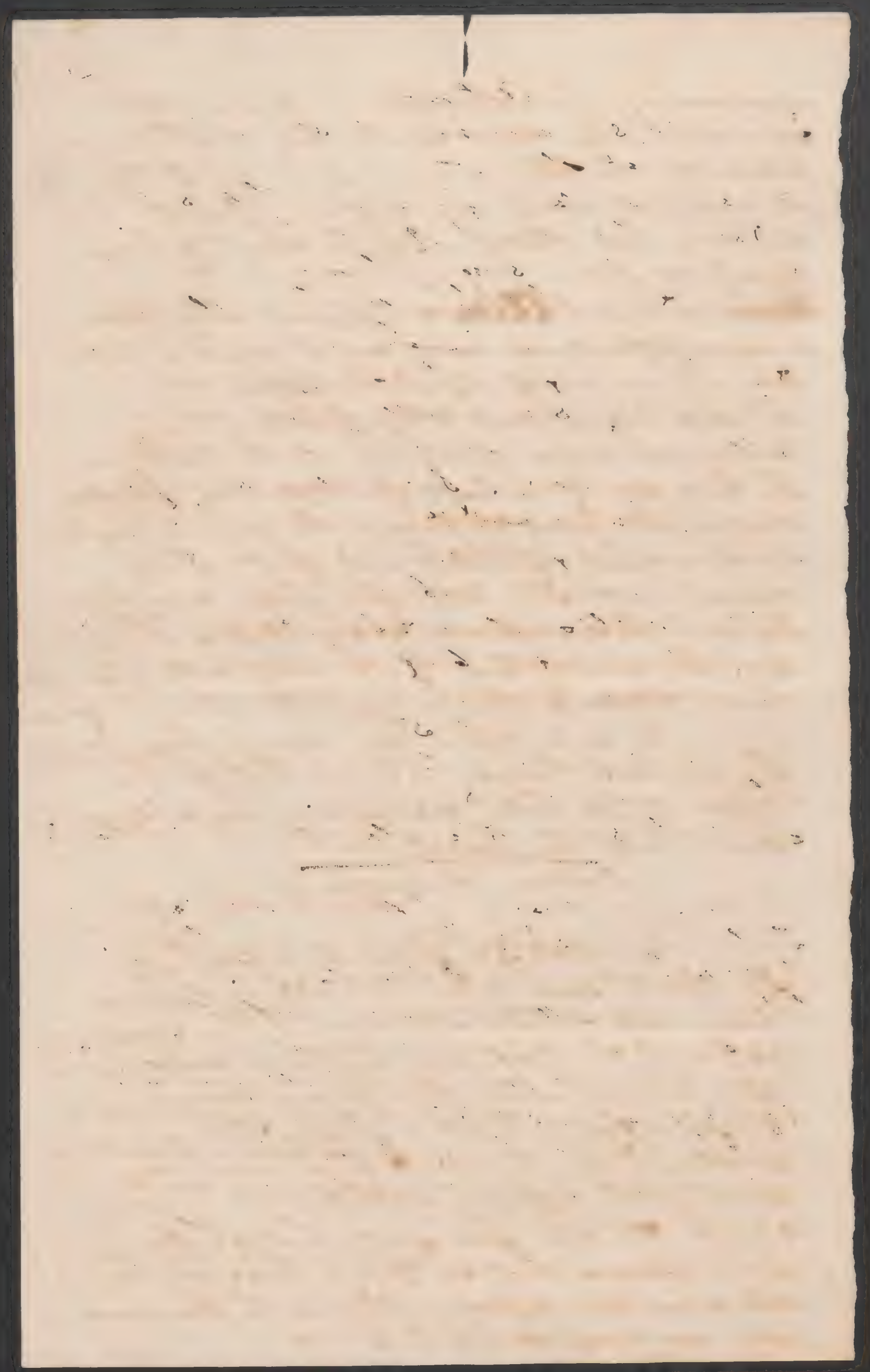
The mob still threatening to become violent Sir Rupert defends Thalea & summoning his soldiers drives back the crowd. -

Tableau & Curtain. -

Act 3rd (formerly act 2nd)

The Chamber scene where the wedding dress is being made. - This act remains the same except that a little more might be made of the ceremony when the villagers come to the feast. - The village priest & the schoolmaster can be made to have won over some of the villagers to Thalea. -

A point to be made of the fact that Thalea still believes that Sir Rupert loves only her & she refers to his defence of her on the previous day as a proof of his love. -



Act 4th

The Count's spy does much to stir up the people against Thalia. —

A reason must also be found for Thalia suddenly to discover that although Rupert has been struggling from a sense of honour to keep his truth to her that he really loves Alma. —

Thalia's motive in refusing to enter the Church to be that in a fit of despair produced by this discovery she actually hopes that a sudden death may await her at the hands of the angry crowd. Seeing Alma struck down by a stone ~~at her~~ aimed at herself Thalia is horrified & the crowd is for a moment ashamed & abashed. —

Thalia shields Alma & Sir Rupert & his followers keep back the crowd as the curtain falls. —

Act 5th

The final parting between Rupert & Thalia must be made longer. —

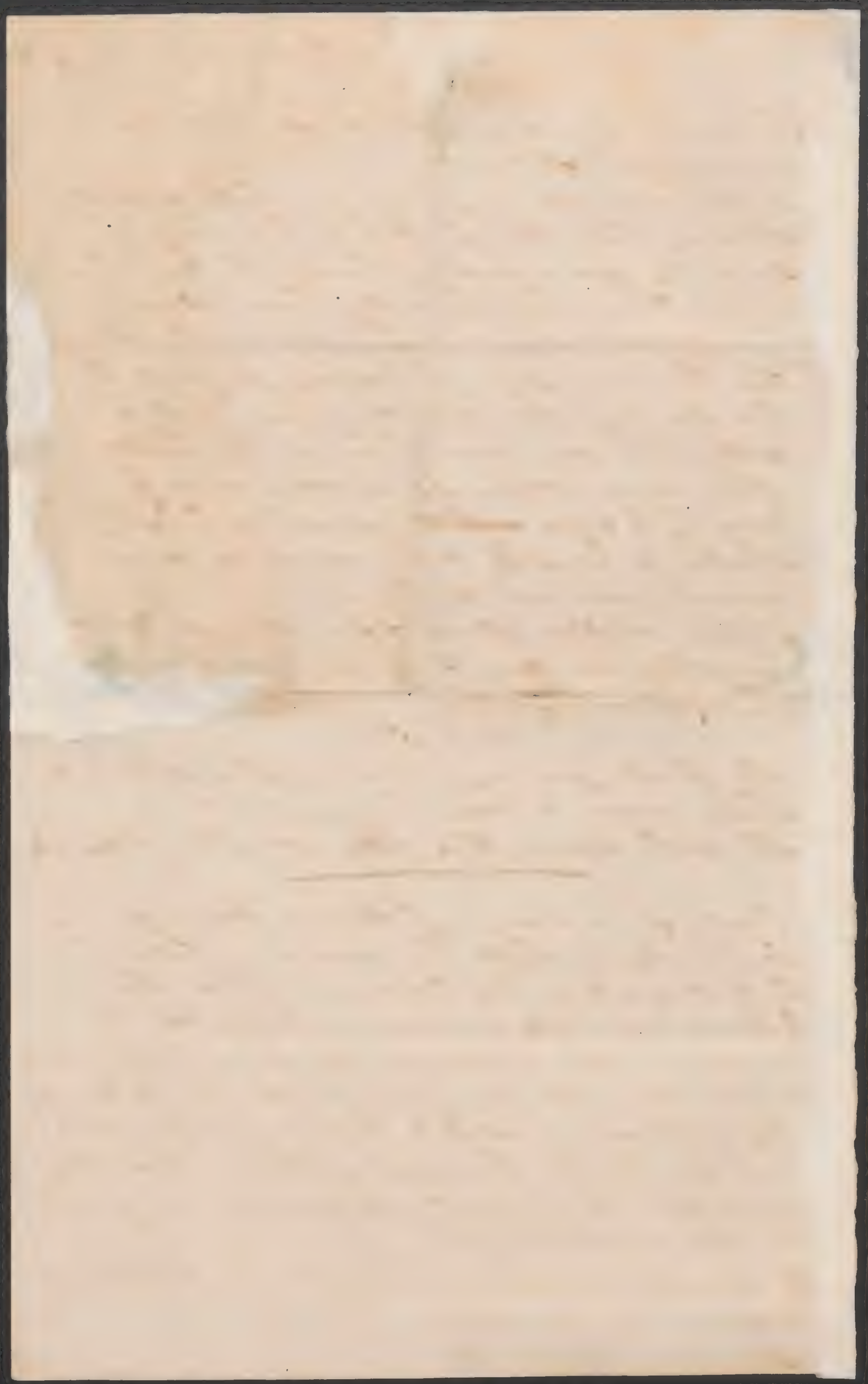
The death scene to be also altered if desired. —

Points for the discussion of Madame Modjeska. —

To what religion shall the characters belong?

The object in making them Catholics is that the Lutherans are a dull uninteresting people & it is easier to create a romantic interest in Catholics. — Moreover witchcraft was opposed to all faiths & religions & as it is intended to make witchcraft & not "free thought" the cause of Thalia's troubles religion need not be brought into discussion as regards one creed or another. —

The nationality of the characters. — This could best be decided by the costumes that would prove most picturesque. —



This is somewhat less crude than the edition of yesterday. - and will be found - I think - to flow more easily from the mouth. -

The Two { Pigeons
Ring-doves.

closer to the original

Two Ring-doves one another loved
With purest - tenderest sympathy;
Till one a restless fancy moved;
And - longing foreign lands to see -
He foolishly resolved to roam
E'en at the cost of friend and home.

closer to the orig.
and avoids repetition
of 'cruel' which
comes shortly after.

"Oh Stay!" the other sadly cried.
"Why should thou quit thy brother's side?
"Amongst all woes by Sorrow nursed
"Absence from loved ones is the worst.
~~But~~ "Dangers and snares each ^{travellers} wanderer's steps await:
"Oh count not rashly ^{thus} the ill of Fate!
"Twere rashness thus to court ^{these} ill of Fate!
"Besides, - dear friend, - Why haste away so soon?
"Wait till soft gales make warm the breath of noon.
"Twas even now from yonder oak
"The Raven's ^{direful notes} ~~awful tone~~ I heard
"Foreboding with ill-omen'd croak
"Evil to some unhappy bird.
"Henceforth - for me - shall dreams of agony
"Conjure up nets and falcons, - whilst I cry -
"My friend! This night - where lodgeth he as guest?
"Hath he provisions, - shelter and the rest? .

x x x x x x

? for your consideration
as containing the
"ablative absolute"
found in the original -

See! - join'd again the fond ones in their cot.
The miseries of the Past are ^{all} soon forgot -
And all the miseries of the Past.

O lovers! happy lovers! Would ye roam?
Stray by the riuulets of your own loved home.
Each in the other's answering eyes should see
All that is beautiful and ^{best} bright and true.
To each the other's ^{love} heart should always be
A world of varying joys - for ever new..

21-10

The Two Pigeons (if they must remain so.)

*rel-si plinius placat.

The two Doves.

see next page.

unrhymed.

might be repeated thus.

Two Pigeons reared within

one nest

{ brothers of
share of
one nest.

Longing far distant
And hankering foreign

"How cruel thus --

{ the world has
by sorrow --

absence fr: loved ones.

even at the cost of.

"In pity stay! the other cried; --

"Twere cruelly ~~thus~~ to quit my side!"

"Of all ill's day ~~to~~ nursed

"A loved one's absence is the worst!"

"Oh! let the thought of all the toils and cares --

"The thousand dangers of which travellers tell --

"Turn thine ambition from such fatal snares,

"And in thy mind this restless purpose quell!"

"Besides - dear friend - what need of hastening thus?

"Wait till the gentle South-wind sheds her breath.

"This ~~Springtime's~~ ^{chilling Springtime's} blasts

"His ~~stomachs~~ ^{winds} are laden with the spoils of Death!"

This chilling Springtime's
blasts
His ~~stomachs~~ ^{stomachs} are
borne upon the wings
of Death.

'Was even now

"I was ^{scarcely} now from yonder oak

"The Raven's awful tones I heard

"Foreboding with ill-omen'd croak

"Evil for some unhappy bird

"Henceforth for me shall dreams of agony

"Conspire up nets and falcons - whilst I cry: --

"My friend! where passeth he this night as guest?

"Hath he provisions? shelter - and the rest?"

* * * *

all the misery

x x x

See join'd again The fond ones in their cot!
And all the sorrows of the Past forgot!

. rivers

In Each the other's

O Lovers - happy lovers! Would ye roam?
Stray by the rivulets of your own loved home.
Each in the other's answering eyes should see
All that is best and beautiful and free.

To each the other's Each to the other's heart should always be
An Eden of delights A World of varying joys for ever new
{ A Paradise of joy -

The Two Doves.

Unrhymed Commencement

Two doves with mutual affection
~~Loved one another~~ tenderly.
 as before

Rhymed &c.

Longing far-distant

or.

Two doves with mutual love inspired
Once loved each other tenderly.
Till one - of peaceful rest grown tired
~~Hardly hanging~~ foreign lands to see
Determined - silly bird - to roam
E'en at the loss of friend and home.

Another rhymed version
~~another version~~

or.

Two doves who shared the same warm nest
Loved one another tenderly
Till one - grown tired of peaceful rest
Longing far-distant lands to see
Resolved - poor silly bird - to range
E'en at the cost of friend and home.

How long you have been
with the Lord by faith

cat.
st!

re.
ee
th.
len
is

l

nest

st

re.



Pick de young Lamb up.
An Put 'im in your bosom
Every day'll be Sunday
bye + bye

Pick de young Lamb up
Let de ole Sheep go
Every day'll be ———

Crying .
A-men - Shine on -
Every day'll be

II
O Ise g'win home to heav'n^{rn} above.

Every ———
O de way am long -
An de way am hard -
Every —

Crying .

I wish dat-de mourner
would arise & tell —

Every —
How Jesus he does all things ^{well}
Every —
Crying —

a little white stone
come a-rolling down

Every —
It rolled like chunder
to de ground
Every —
Cry —

✧ ROSALIND ✧

A Paper Read by Mme. Helena Modjeska Before the Goethe Society of the City of New York, on Friday, Jan. 22, 1892.

Two years ago, in our cañon in California, I was sitting under the oaks with a little book in my hand. It was Thomas Lodge's story of "Rosalynde." When I finished reading I sat for a moment absorbed in thought. Paper and pencil were at hand, and I felt tempted to write a sketch of one of the best beloved characters of my repertoire. In one afternoon I did the dreadful deed—and here it is.

You must not think that I am going to try to teach anything. The sketch, like all sketches, is incomplete, and not of any literary value, as you can easily imagine. I was asked to read before you. I had this thing at hand and I give it to you as I would offer a bunch of wild roses to those who would come to see me in our mountain home in California. It rests with you whether you keep the flowers or throw them away. One way or the other, you will be right to do as you please. You could not wound my vanity, because I have none in regard to this trifle.

Thomas Lodge, it is well known, was Shakespeare's contemporary author. He was born in 1556 and died in 1625. He wrote his novel called "Rosalynde" in 1590. On his story Shakespeare based his play, *As You Like It*.

Who is Rosalind? Thomas Lodge describes her beauty and her virtues in most glorious and rather extravagant terms:

... for upon her cheeks there seemed a battle between the Graces, who should bestow most favour to make her excellent. The blush that glorified Luna when she kissed the shepherd on the hills of Latmos was not tinted with such a pleasant dye as the vermilion flourished on the silver hue of Rosalind's countenance; her eyes were like those lamps that made the wealthy covert of the Heavens more gorgeous, sparkling favour and disdain; courteous and yet cool, as if in them Venus had placed all her amours and Diana all her chastity. The trammels of her hair, folded in a caul of gold, so far surpassed the burnished glitter of the metal as sun doth the meanest star in brightness: the tresses that fold in the brows of Apollo were not half as rich to the sight, for in her hair it seemed love had hid himself in ambush to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze upon their excellence. What should I need to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all she was the paragon of all earthly perfection.

Alinda, in Lodge's novel "Celia," in the "Oratio" to her Father in Defence of Rosalind, says: "Her wisdom, silence, chastity, and other such rich qualities, I need not decipher."

But we need not look for information to any other authority than Shakespeare himself. With all the consistency of an experienced playwright, and the good judgment of a clever stage-manager, he does not leave entire freedom to his actors, but gives them necessary hints how to impersonate the character, and thus compels them to follow closely his own conception. Rosalind is so well pictured by different characters of the play that there cannot be any doubt as to the interpretation of the part. In the first act of *As You Like It*, Duke Frederick, speaking of Rosalind, expresses himself as follows:—

"She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name.
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem
more virtuous,
When she is gone."

It is enough to read this passage to know that she is subtle, smooth, silent, patient, bright, and virtuous. Shakespeare is not content to describe his heroine's character—he also draws an outline of her physical appearance. In her scene with Celia at the end of the first act, Rosalind says of herself: "I am more than common tall."

Orlando, in his poem, thus sings her praises:

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Antonia's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.

In another instance, Oliver—quoting Orlando's description of Ganymede—says:

The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister; but the woman low,
And browner than her brother.

We see by all these descriptions that she is tall, golden-haired, majestic, beautiful.

Having become thus acquainted with her moral and physical excellences, let us see how she appears in contact with the surrounding people and events.

In the first scene of the play, we have learned from Charles, the wrestler, that her father has been banished by Frederick, but being very much beloved by her cousin Celia, Frederick's daughter, she is retained at the court, and treated kindly by the usurping Duke. On her first appearance, she comes before us with a cloud of sadness on her brow, and wins our sympathy at once. We love the noble girl for the sake of her sorrow and patience, and we pity her. Celia tries to comfort her, but it is not easy to forget a banished father, and she answers softly: "I show more mirth than I am mistress of." But when Celia insists, accusing her with a childish petulance, of lack of love for her, she shakes off her sadness, saying: "I will forget the condition of my estate to rejoice in yours." This is our first insight into her soul. Her unselfish nature comes out with these lines, as well as her superiority over Celia, whom she humors so willingly. She is now ready to devise sports: "What think you of falling in love?"

A sad sport, indeed, but quite in harmony with her present disposition. Heart softened by sorrow is a fertile soil for love. Love is in near relation to sorrow, as well as its best

remedy. Even the happiest moments of lovers are often tinged with sadness, which refines their feelings and lends them a charm of poetry. It is, then, quite natural that Rosalind's first thought while trying to ward off her grief turns to love. She does not want to trifle with it, either, for when Celia suggests to make sport withal, and love no man in good earnest, she abandons at once the idea, saying: "What shall be our sport, then?"

Ah! Rosalind, they praise thee for silence—silence means thinking, and thou art full of thought. Who knows what tricks imagination has played on thee, and what visions thy pure but fertile brain has spun in thy solitary hours? Hast thou not seen in thy "mind's eye" some hero, some youth with eagle eye and strong arm pressing thee to his manly breast? Confess, sweet Rosalind, thy heart is prepared and waiting for the magic touch. It will soon come, and love will then take so strong a possession of thee that all thy sorrow will be drowned in it, all will be forgotten, and nothing left in the world but he, the hero, the incarnate vision of thy dreams. Thou wilt not like to talk of fathers "whilst there is such a man as he!"

Rosalind and Orlando's love is love at first sight, sudden and spontaneous. Lodge says: "Love, willing to make him as amorous as he is valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalind, whose admirable beauty so inveigled the eye of Rosader (Orlando) that, forgetting himself, he stood and fed his looks on the favour of Rosalind's face, which she perceiving, blushed," etc. On her side, Rosalind, during the wrestle, "to encourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous look as might have made the most coward desperate," etc.

In *As You Like It* the only indication of that spontaneous passion is in Rosalind's simple question: "Is yonder the man?" and then, in her answer to Frederick, when he asks if they "crept hither to see the wrestling"—"Ay, my liege, so please you, give us leave." A moment before she did not like to stay. "Is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?" Her noble nature revolts against this sight of the brutal sport, but she has seen Orlando, and the rib-breaking becomes a second consideration. One glance has decided her fate. What a beautiful passage it is, in which she and Celia entreat Orlando to give up the wrestle! How deeply moved she appears when Orlando replies, in a firm but gentle manner, "If I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I have none to lament me." Her heart nearly leaps from her mouth to him—"The little strength that I have, I would it were with you." Yes, love has taken possession of her; it governs her looks, her acts; it makes her bosom heave with anxiety, and brings tears to her eyes. How happy she is when Orlando brings down the wrestler; and when he reveals his name, her gladness is complete. He is now her real hero, forever. He is Sir Rowland's son, and her father "loved Sir Rowland as his soul." The man she loves is noble, beautiful, and courageous. He was only a young man a while ago; now she calls him "gentleman." She knows he is one. Farewell constraint! She gives him her chain, one of the last remnants of her former wealth, for "her hand lacks means." She even forgets herself a little, but we forgive willingly, since she sweetly confesses her sin: "My pride fell with my fortune." We feel, however, slightly alarmed when, provoked by Orlando's silence, she almost betrays her feelings by saying: "You have wrestled well, and have overthrown more than your enemies."

This short scene is one of the most exquisite in the play. Its delicacy requires a very careful treatment, and woe to the Rosalind who forgets at that moment that she is a duke's daughter and refined, both by nature and training.

In studying the play one can easily see that the part of Rosalind has not been written for what we actors call "points," for effective entrances and exits, etc. It would be easy to produce a melodramatic effect in the scene with the Duke Frederick at the end of the first act, but it would be a great mistake. Rosalind is never loud. Shakespeare himself told us that she is smooth, patient, and silent. Even in her indignation she is not disrespectful. "Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much to think my poverty is treacherous." The only passage in the part that is really meant for applause is the epilogue, and as such it has nothing to do with Rosalind's character. It is not she who speaks; it is the author and manager who recommend their play to the audience.

There is not enough space in this paper to make a close analysis of each separate scene. My object is to give a sketch, therefore I shall not dwell any longer on the final scene in the Duke's palace, where the banished Rosalind resolves to travel in the company of Celia and the clown. I'll follow her to the forest of Arden, to meet again the proud lady who will have "no worse a name than Jove's own page," and therefore calls herself Ganymede. It is worth while noticing that Rosalind, while putting on a man's costume, has not assumed with it the air of swagger or rudeness, but of chivalry. She protects and supports her cousin as a man

would do, and forgets her own fatigue, in order to "comfort the weaker vessel." When she addresses Corin, asking him for food and shelter, she thinks more of Aliena than of herself: "Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd and fainted for succour."

She is now at liberty, free as a bird! I see her roaming in the woods, making garlands for Aliena's brow, or speaking of Orlando to the stars. His face is ever before her eyes; her heart is full of that delightful passion which grows stronger instead of decreasing in the absence of her lover. I perceive her sitting on a rock overhanging a brook; the singing birds mingling their voices with the mellow rippling of the stream; the leaves of the tree tremble and glisten in the rays of the sun like a flock of silver butterflies.

She bends over the crystal water where she beholds her loveliness. A faint smile appears on her lips, followed by a sigh. Ah! if the good fairies could bring Orlando here that she might see his face next to hers in a frame of ivy and eglantine. Patience, sweet, loving girl, he will come, he will soon be here!

And he comes indeed! (at least, so Celia tells her.) Oh, what rapture! how quickly her heart beats, how rapid her thoughts, how fluent her tongue grows! The first cry of joy is immediately followed by the awakening of her inborn modesty; she wore the boy's garb for some time before, and never felt ashamed of it, but now—Orlando may see her! "Alas! the day!" what will she do with her doublet and hose? and then the cat-act of words—questions—following each other with a wonderful rapidity. It seems as if her whole nature had suddenly undergone a change, and that a clever, slightly satirical, dignified young lady had turned into a perfect child. "What did he, what said he, how looked he?" etc.—all without stopping—without waiting for an answer. What has become of the "silent" Rosalind? Where is her "patience" so highly praised?—all gone and melted away before the name of Orlando.

"But soft, comes he not here? yes! 'tis he!" Her first impulse is to "slink by." But how can she stay away? She hears him talk; her name is pronounced; she must speak to him instantly. A happy idea strikes her; the doublet and hose are welcome; she will "speak to him as a saucy lackey"; she will know how deeply he loves her. Her impatience to attack this subject is so great that she begins at once, "What is't o'clock?" and at Orlando's answer that there is no clock in the forest, she immediately replies: "Then there is no *lover* in the forest," etc.

I suppose that Rosalind intends to be very boisterous and rude in this scene, but she scarcely succeeds in it, judging by Orlando's remark: "Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so remote a dwelling." It is obvious that she cannot be a hoyden, and, although she assumes the manners of a lackey her inborn gentleness and refinement must be visible to the eye, as a fair face would be from behind a veil of gauze, or a beautiful form under a drapery, even if that drapery were made of coarse linen.

I will stop here my analysis of Rosalind's character, as it has been wholly revealed to us in these few scenes. All her mental gifts are now concentrated in love, which acts upon her like a stimulus, bringing forth all the brilliance of her versatile nature. From the beginning to the end the part of Rosalind is a string of marvels of dazzling beauty. What opportunities for good acting! Her dissembling, her mock marriage, her quick and witty retorts, all the unrivaled riches of the dialogue give an ample scope for developing the character, and there is no need of any additions to make the part still more attractive. Some actresses add a cuckoo song. The song only mars the unity of the dialogue, and produces the effect of a couplet in a comic opera.

To conclude, I will repeat what I have conveyed before, that the part of Rosalind cannot be treated in a naturalistic manner. The play being an idyl and a poem more than a comedy, its heroine must be in harmony with it—not tread too heavily upon the ground, but touch it lightly with feeling steps. Her merriment is not necessarily boisterous, but it must reach our ear pleasantly as the echo of a child's laughter in the woods. Her love-making is not a picnic flirtation, but an expression of true sentiment and an overflow of first spontaneous passion.

In the early editions of Shakespeare Rosalind exclaims in the first scene of the third act, after the reading of one of Orlando's poems by Celia: "O, most gentle pulpit, what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal!"

Now, I have noticed that in some new editions, and especially in stage editions, the word *pulpit* has been changed to *Jupiter*. It was likely at first a misprint, but it has been repeated since not only in the books, but even on the stage.

The error seems obvious, for if the name of Jupiter were used only for the purpose of exclamation, as "Jove!" or "Lord!" then he would not be adorned with the inappropriate epithet of *most gentle*. If it applied to the whole sentence and Rosalind applied this name to Celia, then the comparison would be lame, because Jupiter does not deliver homilies and has no parishioners.

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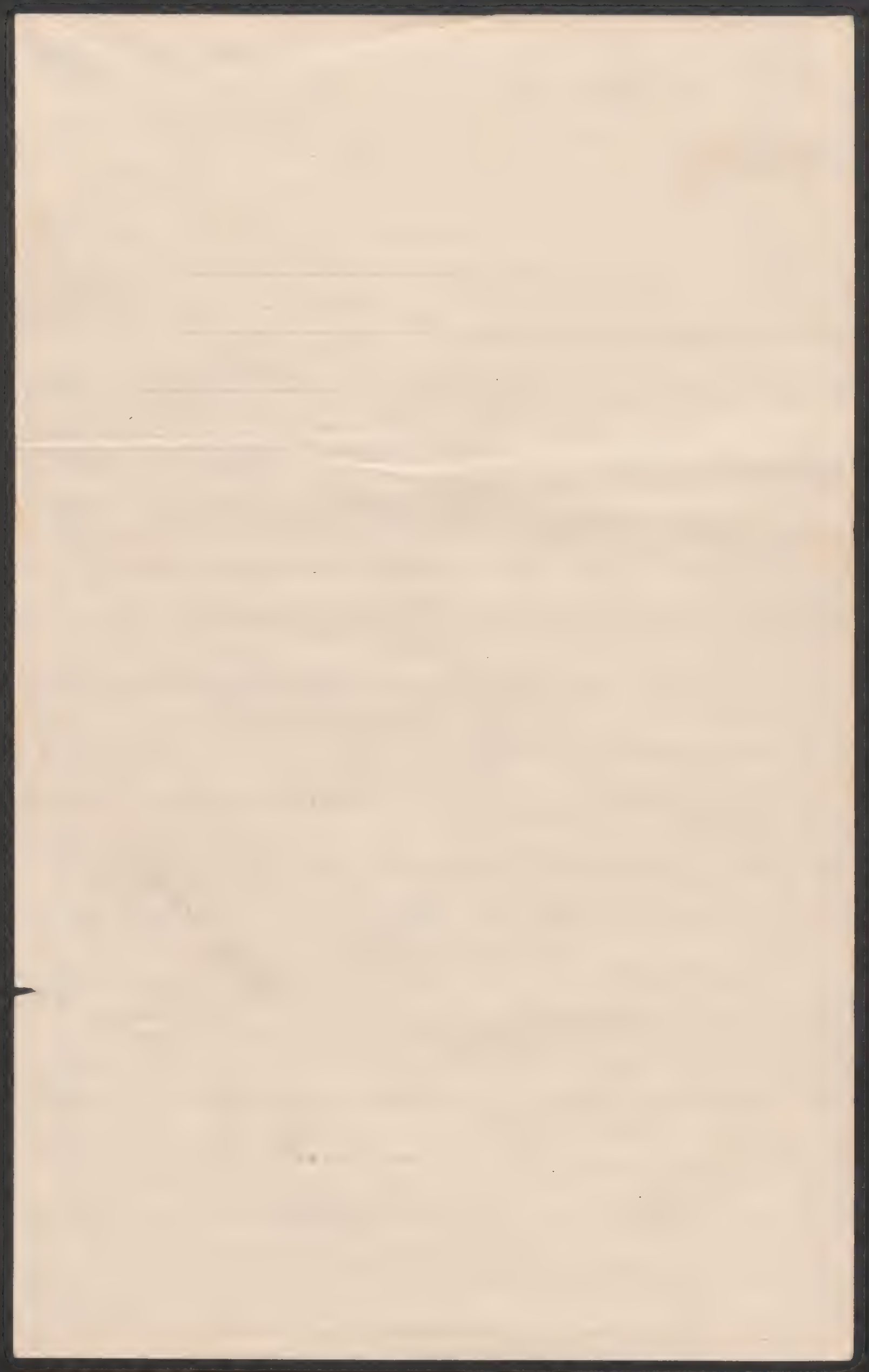
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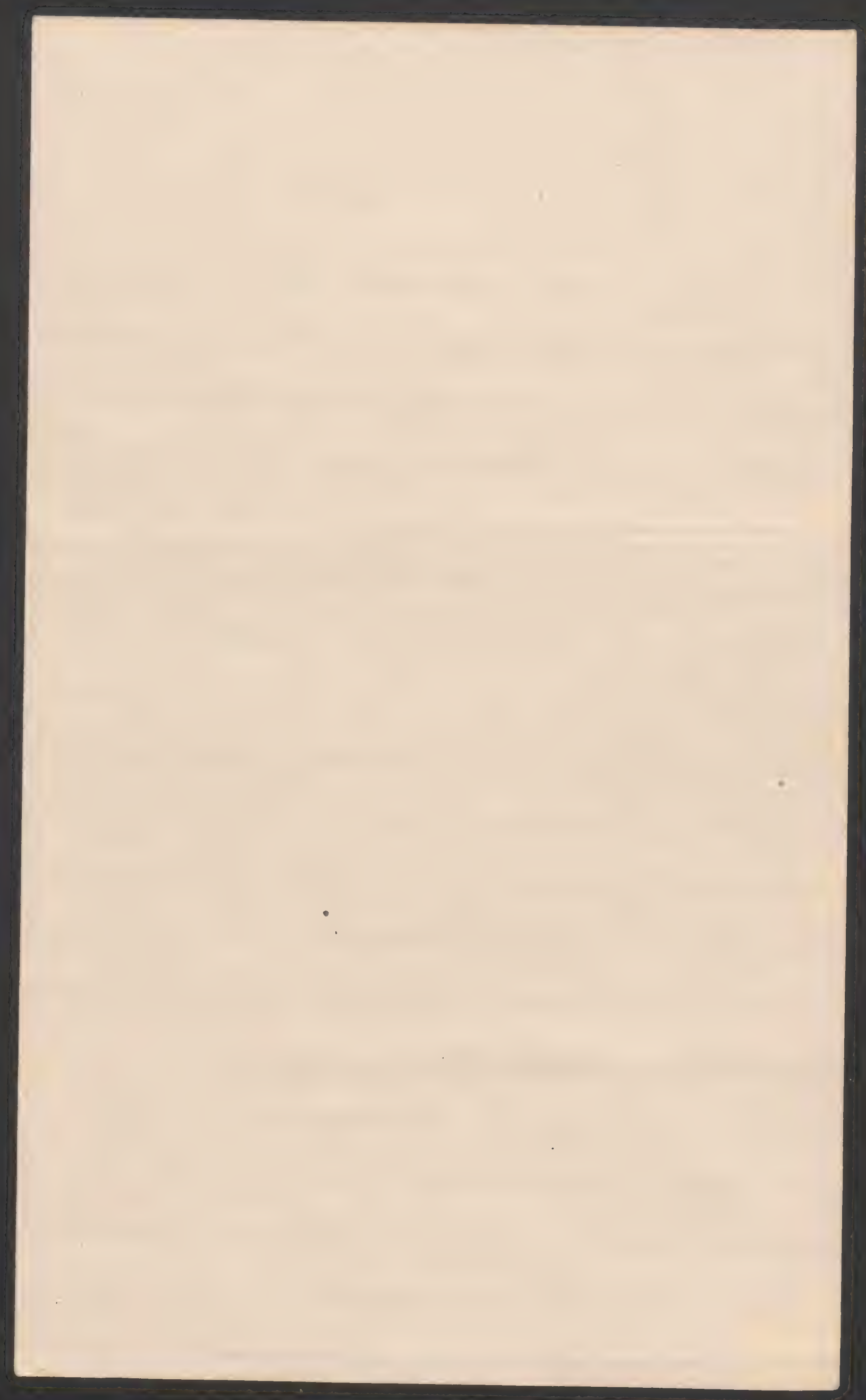
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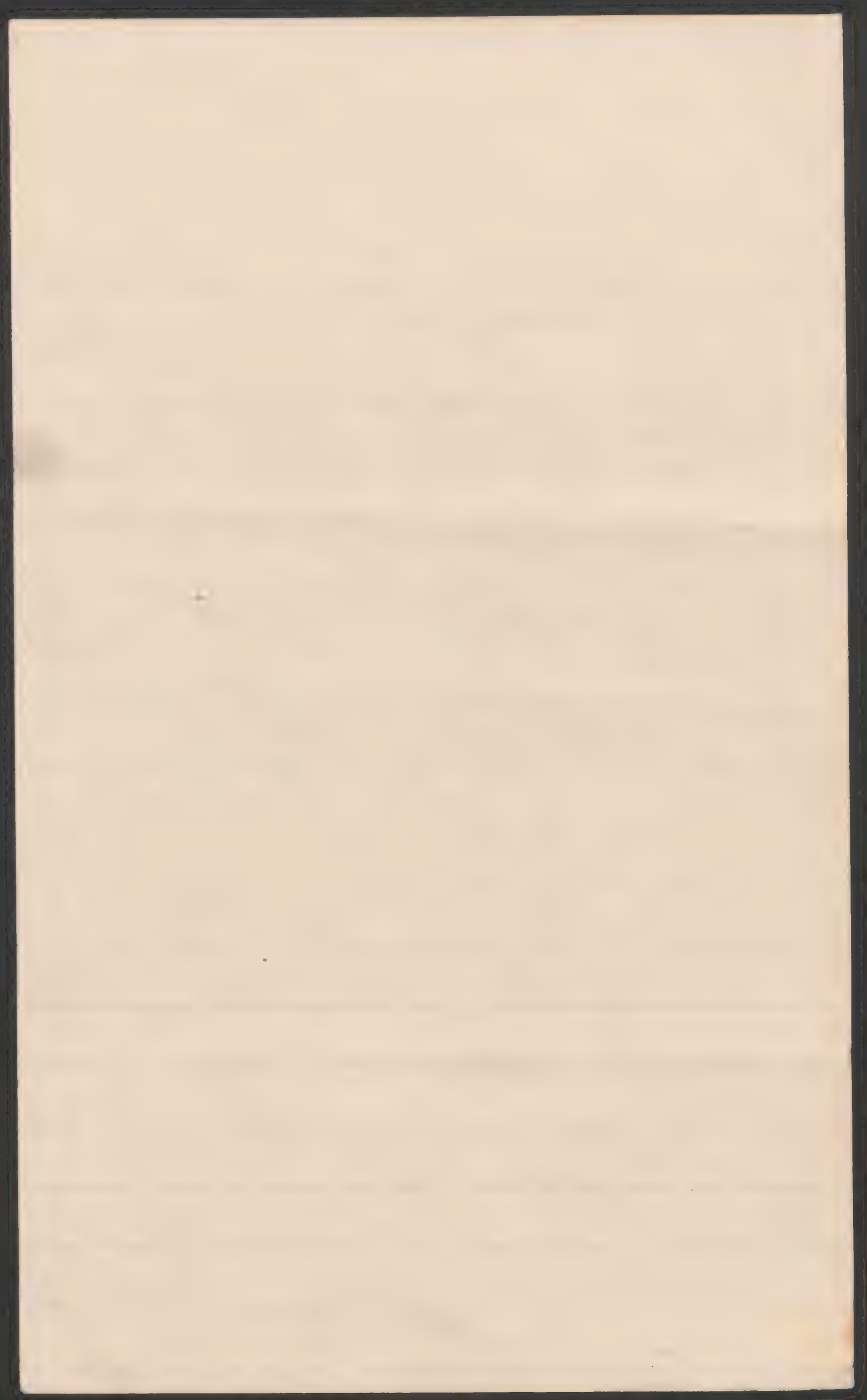
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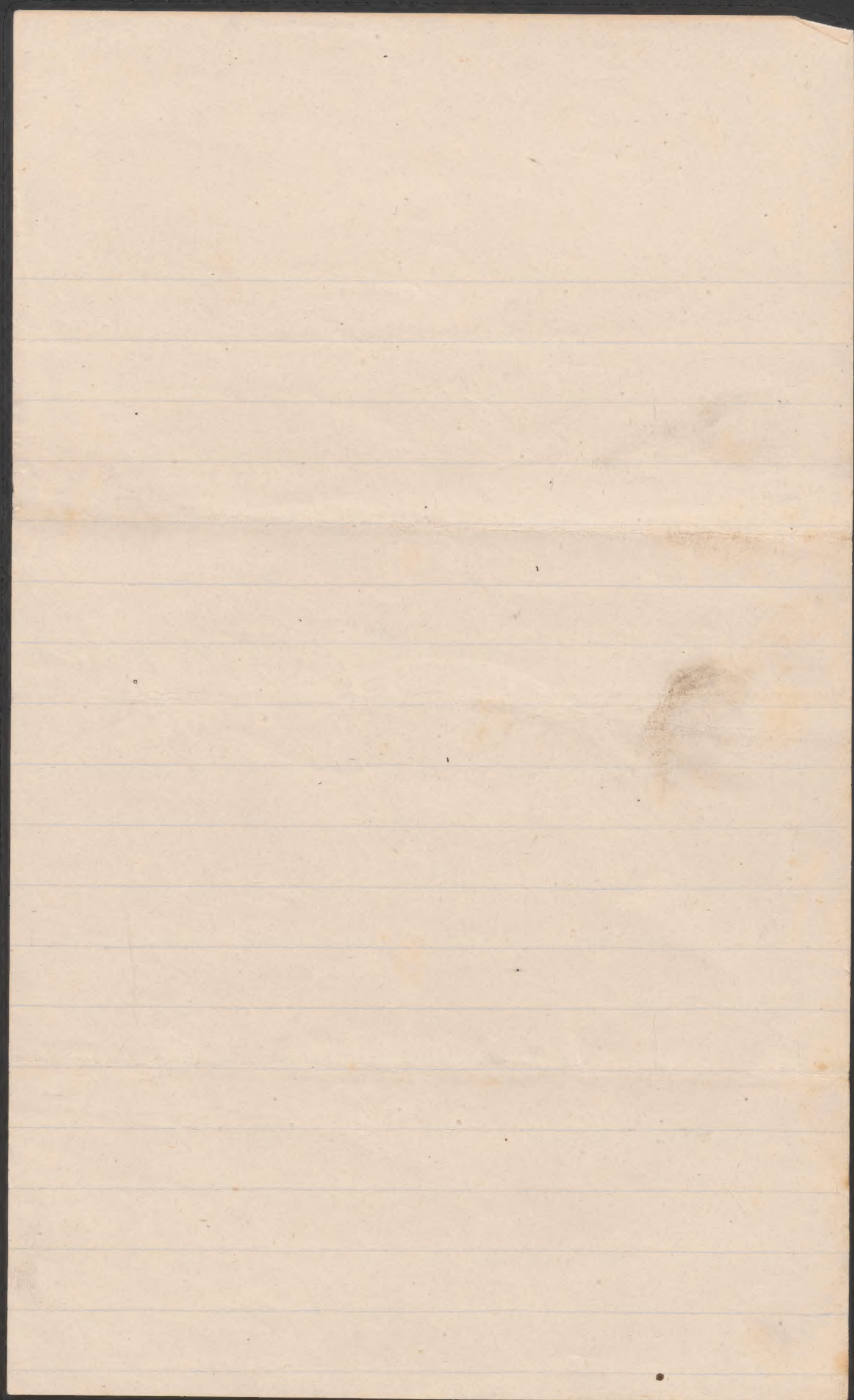
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